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CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS.

VOL. I.



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CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS

BY

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“THE COUNTY FAMILIES,”
ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS.

THE HAIGS OF BEMERSYDE.

ABOUT half-way between Melrose and St. Boswell's, on the fair banks of the Tweed, stands a castellated mansion of the type so common along the Scottish Border-land, which has been known for many an age as Bemersyde; and readers of Sir Walter Scott will not fail to remember the well-known prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, of Ercildoune, uttered more than six centuries ago,

‘Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.’

This prophecy, no doubt, like many others, has helped to work out its own completion;

for it is a matter of fact that, even from the days of 'William the Lion,' the Haigs, or De Hagas, have held the lairdship of that estate in unbroken succession, and in male succession too, with the exception of some quarter of a century (from 1854 to 1878), when Bemersyde belonged to three elderly ladies, the Misses Haig, who no sooner found themselves in actual possession than they made a joint will, declaring that, on the death of the last survivor of themselves, it should pass to their distant kinsman, Captain Arthur Haig, the favourite Equerry of the Prince of Wales. Their will took effect in 1878.

The whole history of this estate, and of its lords, reads like a romance, and it is difficult to tell it in a brief compass. It is in the days of Malcolm the Maiden and William the Lion, that we have the first actual proof of the existence of the Haig family, for Peter de Haga appears as a witness to a document granting the chapel of St. Leonard, in Lauderdale, to the Abbey of St. Dryburgh. This must have been between 1162 and 1189, and during the next two centuries the name appears frequently

attached to documents and charters of a similar kind. They were a brave, military race ; and I am almost afraid to say on how many battle-fields they fought against France, England, and Norway in the next four centuries, till the fourteenth laird distinguished himself at the battle of Ancrum Moor in 1544. Five of his predecessors at least fell in the service of their country. But it is with the sixth laird, John de Haga, who fought with The Wallace at Stirling Bridge, that the interest attaching to the house really commences. For it was in his time, and with reference to him, that Thomas the Rhymer uttered the prophecy quoted above. Though, with others of the Scottish barons, he swore fealty to our King Edward at Berwick, yet he afterwards joined the patriotic party of Wallace—an event which is recorded in the following couplet :

‘ When Wallace came to Gladswood Cross,
Haig of Bemersyde met him with many good horse.’

Thomas and Haig were near neighbours ; and what more natural than that, as they stood on some of the neighbouring hills and saw the green fields along Tweedside laid waste in war,

the former should give vent to those words of comfort, and assure his gallant young friend that the lands of Bemersyde should belong to his descendants, in spite of war and ravages, for many a long year to come?

Under whatever circumstances the words were spoken, the motive that prompted them must have been a kindly one. And, curiously enough, the whirligig of time has brought round to the Rhymer himself a pleasant recompense for his friendly utterance, since, if it were not for an old deed in which Peter de Haga, the fourth laird, engages to pay to the chapel of St. Cuthbert, at Old Melrose, half a stone of wax yearly on St. Cuthbert's Day, in atonement of sundry misdeeds of his own, the name of Thomas of Ercildoune would be now unknown, or believed to belong to a mythical personage. Among the witnesses to this deed, stands the name of 'Thomas Rymour, of Ercildune.' The deed is undated, and this fact has given rise to a controversy as to the poet's evidence, which has lasted from the days of George Ellis and Sir Walter Scott down to the present hour.

But the above gift was by no means the only

present from the Haigs to the Church. If they were warriors and bloodthirsty, at all events they were not wanting in feelings of piety, as the records of the Abbeys of Dryburgh, Melrose, and Jedburgh attest. William, the thirteenth baron, fell fighting by the side of King James at Flodden; and his successor, Robert, the fourteenth laird, was mixed up in the factions which followed the death of James V., through the efforts of Henry VIII. to bring about a marriage between the infant Mary Stuart and the Prince of Wales, and so to subjugate Scotland to the English crown. His public and military services would seem, however, to have brought him but little profit; for, in 1553, he petitioned to be allowed to divest himself of his broad lands in favour of his son Andrew, who became fifteenth baron, and was the father of Robert, the sixteenth, and grandfather of James, the seventeenth representative of the family.

This James would seem to have been a man of loose morals and profligate character, and he married a woman well-suited to him in that respect, Elizabeth Macdougall, of Stodrig. He ran away with his wife, and narrowly escaped

being slain by his father for so doing. He falsely accused his brother William of being privy to a plot against the life of James VI., and in the end, though he had seven sons who grew up to manhood, he was obliged to dispose of his estates to the brother whom he had so cruelly maligned and imprisoned. William de Haig is spoken of in the family annals as the 'benefactor of the family,' and he certainly did much to retrieve their fortunes, though his strong Puritan opinions brought him into serious difficulties, and he had to fly to Holland on account of his hostility to the House of Stuart.

His lineal descendants held Bemersyde, as already stated, down to the year 1878, when, on the death of the last Miss Haig, it was supposed, and indeed was asserted publicly in the columns of the *Athenæum* and elsewhere, that the Haigs had become extinct, and that the prophecy of Thomas of Ercildoune had been shown to be a falsehood and a fraud.

But such was not the case. Most of the seven sons of James Haig and Elizabeth Macdougall, through family feuds or in order to seek their fortunes in foreign service, went abroad, and

forgot their connection with Bemersyde. One settled in Holland, two others in Bohemia, and the youngest went off to the Indies, and was never heard of again. Robert, the second of these sons, however, settled in Stirlingshire, where he married, in 1613, Jane Greg, or Greig, and from him the present owner of Bemersyde has a direct male descent. On the death of William, eighteenth laird, he left the estate of Bemersyde to David, the seventh son of his late brother, passing by David's elder brother Robert.

The year 1854 witnessed the extinction of the male descendants of this David Haig, and in 1878 died the last of the sisters of his last male descendant. It is passing strange that these ladies should have restored the property to a descendant of the elder line, which, in the person of Robert Haig, was passed by nearly two centuries and a half previously in favour of David. Colonel Haig is therefore in the strictest sense 'Haig of Bemersyde,' and the prophecy, instead of having failed, has been verified to the letter in his person. It is said that on the day of the funeral of David Haig's last male

heir in 1854 a terrible storm broke over Dryburgh Abbey, and that a flash of lightning and a terrific clap of thunder frightened the bearers of the corpse, and made the mourners almost believe that the very heavens proclaimed the end of the Haigs of Bemersyde, and that the Lowland neighbours shook their heads in doubt and dismay; but the opening of the will an hour or two afterwards revealed the fact that Thomas the Rhymer was correct, and that his words were verified to the letter.

The house of Bemersyde is known to most travellers who have made the tour of Tweed-side, and have wandered through that neighbourhood which Sir Walter Scott has invested with all the charms of poetry and romance. If the pilgrim follows the Tweed a few miles below Melrose till a little below the spot where it receives the waters of the Leader, he will observe the river take a sudden sweep to the north-east, and coming by a graceful curve nearly to the point of its departure. The loop thus formed by the Tweed incloses the gently rising promontory of Old Melrose, in which,

fourteen centuries ago, Aidan and his disciples first raised the sign and symbol of the Christian faith. Upon a rocky bluff immediately over and against this promontory, and frowning down upon it from the other bank of the Tweed, stands the ancient stronghold to which this prophecy refers. The stream flows here in a deep strong current both summer and winter, below richly-wooded banks, those on the north abrupt and precipitous, yet fringed with oaks, birches, and hawthorns almost to the water's edge.

Sweeping clear of Old Melrose, it next enters a fine stretch of open undulating country, gliding along in serene beauty till it plunges beneath the old red sandstone cliffs of Dryburgh. On the south, the ground slopes upwards to the Eildon hills, which here display their triple peaks, as if to guard the entrance into Teviotdale; while on the north the Black Hill of haunted Ercildoune rears its sombre and gloomy front. It is the very heart of that Borderland which lives in almost every page of 'The Wizard of the North;' and all the names

around are redolent of Border song and glory;
for here are

‘ Both Ercildoune and Cowden knowes,
Where Homes had once commanding,
And Drygrange with its milk-white ewes
’Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.
The bird that flees through Redpath trees
And Gladswood banks each morrow
May chant and sing sweet Leader Haugh,
And bonnie howms of Yarrow.’

Bemersyde partakes something of the character of those peels which occur in such numbers along the whole of the south of Scotland, and through Northumberland and Cumberland. The older portion of it consists of a tall narrow castellated tower, with high and steep gables, very like in appearance to those of the neighbouring keep of Smailhom, the scene of Sir Walter Scott’s weird ballad, ‘The Eve of St. John.’ Some quarter of a century ago, a building in the modern style was added to it; but the older tower is still inhabited. It is surrounded by a brotherhood of ancient trees, stately beeches, and immemorial elms, in whose tops the rooks have long established a colony.

In front of the entrance stands a magnificent Spanish chestnut, which looks as if it had seen a thousand summers, and is said by tradition to be as old as the tower itself. The ancient walls and ramparts, with the usual outbuildings and offices, were unhappily removed about two hundred years ago, and in their place is now a green lawn broken into flower-beds, and bounded by magnificent lines of dark hollies and yews.

Of the hundreds of forts and small castles which once dotted the entire Scottish Borderland, and whose ruins still excite the interest and curiosity of the antiquarian, Bemersyde is nearly the only one which is still inhabited, and, what is more, inhabited by the very same family which originally founded it. Perhaps this is even more strange when it is considered that the estate has never been entailed.

It may not be amiss, in conclusion, to record one romantic story which links together the names of dark Bemersyde and fair Melrose. It is told and believed by the peasantry all round that—

While the chapel and monastery of St. Cuth-

bert were still in their prime, one of the monks formed a too intimate connection with one of the ladies of Bemersyde. The matter coming to the ears of his superiors, he was condemned, by way of penance, to bathe every day, all the year round, in a pool in the Tweed, still known as the Haly-wheel (*wiel*, whirl, or eddy); and this penance he religiously observed, even when in winter he had to break the ice for the purpose, keeping silence all the while as to the cause of his extraordinary punishment. But after his death a fearful significance was given to these mysterious ablutions: for it is averred that at midnight, when the moon looks fitfully through driving storm-rack, and the torrents descend from the hills, and the swollen Tweed chafes angrily between his banks, the white figure of a lady is seen to emerge with a wild shriek from the waters of the Holy Pool, which then divide, one huge wave going towards Old Melrose and another towards Bemersyde, between which, with a second piercing cry, the unhappy lady descends and passes out of sight. This legend is possibly founded on a passage in the life of Drythelme, a visionary who resided

at Old Melrose, and who was so rigid in his asceticism that he bathed every day in the Tweed, without undressing, or afterwards changing his garments, even in the depth of winter.

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

THERE are some names which deserve, but never obtain, a place in the records of the history of our country. One of such names is that of Sir William Pepperell, the American loyalist, who is mentioned in the pages of Smollett as the capturer of Louisburg, but for whose biography, though it is well worth more than a chance perusal, one may look in vain to the existing biographical dictionaries, at all events on this side of the Atlantic. For many of the leading facts in our present sketch I am indebted to 'The Life of Sir William Pepperell,' by Usher Parsons, an American gentleman, published in America a few years since, its contents being taken from materials formerly in the possession of the Pepperell and Sparhawk families. It is not every day that an

English civilian, by his own energy and ability, lays siege to and captures a town which is the key to a large and important district, and finds himself gazetted a field-officer in the English army without having gone through the inferior grades of promotion; and it is a simple matter of fact that no other native of New England, during its connection as a colony with the mother country, was ever honoured by an hereditary title.

The rule of the Established Church in England, under the Stuarts, was in many ways severe; and not seldom families crossed the broad Atlantic in order to enjoy that liberty of conscience and of worship which, as honest non-conformists, they found refused to them at home. The same cause which drove the Hampdens to Barbados, forced the Pepperells to leave their homes in Devonshire and Cornwall, and to settle themselves in the State of Massachusetts. His biographer tells us that William Pepperell the elder was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, and settled close to Kittery Point, in the last-named state, on a property which he gained by marriage with Miss Margery Bray. Both father-in-

law and son-in-law were boat-builders and ship-builders, and they owned a few fishing vessels on the coast. They both grew rich; and it is said that, in the half-century previous to the accession of George III., the largest fortune then known in New England was made by the successful 'venturer,' trader, and ship-builder. Mr. Pepperell built many vessels for the West India trade, and sent them southward, with cargoes to exchange for merchandise for the English and other European markets; he also did a large share of business in the fisheries nearer home. It is said that he often had more than a hundred small vessels at once on 'the Grand Banks,' nearly all owned by himself.

The elder Pepperell, however, though his chief concern lay with the sea, and with craft both small and large, was early trained to the use of fire-arms, and became lieutenant-colonel of the local militia. He was a Puritan of the stern, old religious school, who 'put his trust in God,' 'kept his powder dry,' and 'trained up his children in the way they should go,' as members of an 'independent church.' He was a 'respectable' citizen, and something more,

for he was a severe and ‘stern justice of the peace’—as is shown by his ‘trial docket,’ which is still preserved, and in which the ‘whipping-post’ figures frequently. The elder William Pepperell lived to see his sons and daughters all prospering in life, and was able at his death, in 1735, to leave to each of them a comfortable maintenance, without forgetting his ‘Church’ and other charities on both sides of the Atlantic.

His younger son, William, is the person with whose career we are more immediately concerned. He was born at Kittery, June 27th, 1696, and was brought up at the village school, where he learned to read and write; but his knowledge of orthography and grammar as a boy was not equal to his knowledge of business, of land-surveying, geography, and navigation, which he picked up by acting as a clerk in his father’s office or ‘store.’ His education was specially practical: and as a child he saw something of warfare against the neighbouring Indian tribes, within a mile or two from his father’s residence. He learned his drill, and something too of the art of war, by accompanying his father when he reviewed his men: and

at sixteen 'he bore arms in patrol duty, and in keeping ward and watch.' His elder brother dying, he became, as his father grew old, more and more useful in the management of his business, both ashore and afloat. 'Associating daily with lumber-men, ship-builders, provision merchants, and the hardy sons of Neptune, he soon became familiar with the rough and rugged aspects of human life, and imbibed its hardier influences both in body and mind.' He now extended his sphere of business, and for some years he and his father were the largest merchants in New England. Their lumber and timber ships floated down the river in gondolas from the head of tide-waters; fish from the Grand Banks and the Shoals poured into their warehouses, and cargoes were sent to the West Indies, to Portugal, to the Mediterranean, and England, and each charged at a profit. Often their vessels and cargoes were sold together, which promoted the extension of ship-building, one of the chief sources of their wealth. The timber and carpenters' work were paid for in merchandise and provisions. Naval stores and other goods were procured from the Carolinas

in exchange for fish and West Indian and European goods; and cordage, iron, hemp, and fishing tackle from England for vessels and cargoes sold there. Their bankers in London and Plymouth received the proceeds of cargoes and vessels sold in the Mediterranean, England, France, and Portugal, and answered the bills of exchange drawn on them in favour of Boston merchants, to whom they were sold at a great advance, and paid for in such goods as were needed to complete Pepperell's assortment, and in provincial money. This money was expended in real estate, bought at low prices, and which rapidly increased in value. It was by such transactions that the princely fortune of the Pepperells was amassed. The family also made a great addition to their wealth by the purchase of a large tract of land along the Saco river, on which huge factories were afterwards erected, while a great part of the town of Saco and Scarborough was included in it.

When young Pepperell came of age, he acted as an outdoor partner, and contracted for the building of vessels on Pasataqua and Saco

Rivers; an employment which was favoured by the home government to the annoyance of ship-carpenters on the Thames, whose workmen emigrated in large numbers to New England. Young Pepperell was brought into contact with public men in Boston through the agency which he conducted for transacting the pecuniary affairs of the province with the mother country; thus he was introduced into the best society, and gained advancement both in military and political life. On coming of age he received a commission as justice of the peace, and captain of a company of cavalry, and he was soon advanced to be a major and lieutenant-colonel, while at the age of thirty he was made colonel, and obtained the command of the militia of Maine. It was about the same time, 1726, that he was elected representative of Kittery, and in the following year he was nominated to the board of councillors, to which he was re-elected each of thirty-two years during which he lived, while for eighteen of those years he was president of the board. In 1723 he was married to Mary Hirst, who was a relation of a wealthy merchant and one of the Judges

of the Supreme Court. Seven years later he was appointed by Governor Belcher Chief Justice, and he held the office up to the time of his death. He had gained some experience in legal matters in his early days when he acted as clerk of the Court, while his father was an associate judge, but he pursued his studies as far as time permitted ; and he appears to have faithfully performed his duty in the various offices he held, while his kindly disposition and popular manners naturally gave him great influence.

His father died in 1734, and from that time he appears to have entertained strong religious impressions.

The entire management of the affairs of the firm devolved upon the subject of our memoir on his father's death ; and yet, with this and all his other various duties, he did not forget to see to the defence of his own neighbourhood, which was especially exposed to the inroads of the enemy. He planned with the officers a better organisation of the militia under his command, and a more military spirit was diffused among the ranks, while the Yorkshire

regiment which he commanded was divided into two regiments.

Of the four children of William Pepperell, two died in infancy, while his son Andrew had to graduate at Harvard College with distinguished honours, and became a partner with his father in 1744. He was much esteemed by the society of Boston; and the daughter Elizabeth, whose winning manners and high accomplishments attracted great attention, was married in 1742 to Nathaniel Sparhawk, a partner in a commercial house in Boston.

In 1744, the name of William Pepperell begins to be connected with scenes different from those of commerce and civil life, and in which he gained a renown for his name in the pages of history.

War had already for some years been waged between England and Spain, in which many of the sons of New England had been engaged, and the reverses encountered by Spain were the cause of France taking up her cause as an ally. In October, 1743, the news that war was declared between England and France arrived at Boston, and all commanders on the coast

received orders to hold themselves in readiness for hostilities.

Newfoundland and Cape Breton commanded the mouth of the St. Lawrence, a great channel of trade both for English and French Canadians ; the possession of Cape Breton, on which was situated Louisburg, was a great source of contention, and was possessed alternately by either nation according as its citizens were successful in war elsewhere. Cape Breton had been retained by France at the treaty of Utrecht, while Nova Scotia proper was ceded to Great Britain. The French Government at once went to great expense in fortifying its possession, and they built a walled town on a promontory at the south-east part of the island, naming it in honour of their king, Louisburg. It was two miles and a half in circumference, fortified in every accessible part with a rampart of stone from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide. On a small island at the entrance of the harbour, and at the end of the harbour were batteries of about thirty cannon each, while on an eminence opposite to the island-battery stood the lighthouse.

The English forts on Causo Island and Port Royal, in the bay of Fundy, were attacked by order of the commander of Louisburg immediately on his hearing that war was declared: the first-named garrison was forced to submit, as there was no expectation of the assault; but the latter garrison was reinforced, and able to repel the assault. The French were assisted in these expeditions by the Indians of Nova Scotia, and a tribe which was appealed to by Colonel Pepperell for its contingent of warriors refused to fight against their brethren of St. John's and New Brunswick. The colonies became aware of their danger, and preparations for war were made in the autumn of 1744, when it was thought that safety to trade and navigation, and possibly even the existence of the colonies, demanded the capture of Louisburg from the French. Governor Shirley hoped the town might be taken by surprise early in the spring, before any reinforcement arrived from France.

Warren, the commodore on the West India station, was summoned to proceed to New England in the spring, and aid the governor in

the protection of the fisheries. The general court was at first opposed to the expedition, when it was proposed early in January, 1745; but towards the end of that month it was resolved upon by a majority of only one vote, several members who were opposed to the project being absent. However, the matter was then taken up with great enthusiasm on all sides, and a successful issue was confidently expected. Many fishermen were ready to enlist as soldiers; the preceding harvest had been abundant; the rivers were open on account of the mildness of the winter; and, by some happy accident, the English naval force which guarded the shores and islands of America was drawn to Louisburg, while the expected arrival of men and supplies for the French was prevented, and thus the British squadron was enabled to blockade the port. Fourteen armed vessels were provided by the provinces, with over two hundred guns, and about four thousand troops. Colonel William Pepperell was chosen commander of the expedition; and, though at first he was naturally inclined to hesitate as to the acceptance of such a post, he was persuaded

to do so by the governor and other friends; for, though he was a merchant, he had a strong military spirit, and was just the man to command a militia made up of farmers, fishermen, and mechanics.

It was, no doubt, owing to his popularity that the enlistment of men was rapid and large in numbers. He himself was most energetic in forwarding the preparations, and contributed towards the expense five thousand pounds out of his own private fortune. A day of fasting and prayer was observed throughout the province, to implore a blessing on the undertaking, and about the middle of March some of the armed vessels sailed, in order to cruise before Louisburg, and prevent the entrance of the enemy's ships. The general rendezvous of the troops was at Causo, and on the 22nd of April, the squadron of Commodore Warren approached. On the 29th, the army embarked, and sailed for Cabarees Bay, which they reached on the following morning. The garrison of Louisburg were unaware of their approach, and when the fleet was seen close at hand, they seemed to be almost paralysed

with confusion and alarm. Detachments were speedily landed, under cover of two armed vessels, at White Point and another part, and the two companies who came out to oppose the landing were soon repulsed; about six men were killed, and some others, who were wounded, including their captain, were captured. By the third morning, the whole force had landed, with provisions, and the siege was commenced as soon as possible.

On the 1st of May, a reconnoitring party, under Colonel Vaughan, set fire to some warehouses and buildings on the north-east part of the harbour, near Green Hill; and the enemy, supposing that the whole army was approaching in that direction, spiked the cannon in the grand battery, and fled in boats to the town. This battery was occupied by Colonel Vaughan on the following day, and was of great service afterwards in reducing the town. The first battery was erected by General Pepperell at one thousand four hundred and fifty yards from the north-west bastion, on Green Hill, and others were gradually erected nearer the town; but it required fourteen days and nights to drag all

the cannon and munitions of war from the landing-place through the morass to the batteries. On the 7th of May, a demand for the submission of the fortress to the British army was met with a refusal, and from that time the firing was carried on with great vigour. By the 18th, a new battery was opened within two hundred and fifty yards of the west gate, and even conversation was carried on between the two forces. Several French vessels were captured on their approach to the harbour, and the *Vigilant*, a sixty-four-gun ship, with six hundred men and military stores, was taken by Warren. Towards the end of the month, an attack was made by about four hundred men, at Warren's request, on the island battery, but this was repulsed, with a loss on the English side of about sixty killed and one hundred and twelve prisoners, including the wounded; the only severe reverse sustained during the siege.

Councils were held at different periods, and it was at last agreed to make a general attack upon the town, with the assistance of the fleet; but, before making the final attempt, on the 15th of June, a flag was sent to Pepperell by

Governor Duchambon, who saw that surrender was almost inevitable, asking time to consider terms of capitulation. These were settled on the following day, when possession was taken of the town. The news of the capitulation was received with great joy in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and illuminations and other festivities were very general there, and in London, while a day of thanksgiving was kept in most of the New England colonies.

Pepperell was overwhelmed with congratulations from numerous towns, and a patent was sent from Hanover, where the king was at that time, creating him a baronet of Great Britain.

The commodore was raised to the rank of admiral, and in the following year he was made Governor of Louisburg. A major-general's commission was given to Pepperell to raise and command a regiment in the British line, while Governor Shirley was rewarded with a colonel's commission. Sir William, who was much worn by the campaign, was detained at Louisburg up to the following spring, together with the provincial army, which was greatly reduced during its stay by sickness.

Pepperell and Warren arrived in Boston at the beginning of June, 1746, and were received with a salute by the ships of war and town batteries. On landing, they were met by the Council and House of Representatives, and escorted to the council-chamber, the population generally joining in the welcome. They were congratulated by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Sir William was re-elected president of the council. On the 4th of July, Sir William set out for his seat at Kittery, and his journey there was like one triumphal march. He had well earned his receptions, for this expedition had brought out the noble points of his character, and his patriotism, prudence, self-devotion, and forbearance were put to the test, while 'his reliance on Divine Providence was most evident.'

Sir William came to England in the autumn of 1749; he was presented at court, and found a cordial reception from King George II. The Prince of Wales, Lord Halifax, and other noblemen also showed him great civilities. The Lord Mayor also waited on him, and by his means a service of plate was presented to him

as a token of respect for his distinguished services. He was also a general object of interest to the people at large, who knew him as the captor of Louisburg. He returned home at the close of the following summer, and for some while his time was passed in the ordinary civil and domestic duties of his position. His only son, Andrew, died the following March, before the completion of his twenty-sixth year, and the loss was deeply felt by his parents.

It was not long before hostilities again broke out, and from 1755 to 1759 there were several expeditions against Canada. At first, owing to a want of good counsel, the result was unfavourable to the British arms; but the advice or opinion of Sir William, who had the raising of a regiment entrusted to him, were not called for. At the close of 1756, nothing was gained; Oswego was lost, and the country impoverished.

In 1757, on the death of the Governor, Sir William was for some time *de facto* governor, and he was appointed commander of Castle William, in Boston Harbour, and of the military forces of Massachusetts, with the rank of lieutenant-general. In the following year,

when William Pitt took the management of the war, a brighter prospect was in store; large bodies of men were raised in the colonies, and strong reinforcements were sent from England. In July, Louisburg was again captured from the French, to whom it had been previously restored; and in September, 1759, Quebec was captured under Wolfe; while, in 1760, the French power was broken by the capitulation of Montreal, and the Canadas were ceded by treaty to Great Britain. In February, 1759, Sir William had been created a lieutenant-general in the royal army, an honour never before conferred on a native of America, but his health at this time had failed so much as to prevent his taking the field again, and on the 6th of July in that year he died at his home after much suffering. Every honour was paid to him, and his funeral was attended by an immense assemblage.

His character is to a great extent seen by this short memoir of his life. 'It was,' it has been observed, 'his practical knowledge, stimulated by aspirations for honourable fame and distinction, and sanctioned by an enlightened

conscience and Christian principles that crowned his career with unparalleled success, and distinguished him from men of more education and equal purity of intention.' His judgment was sound, and he formed his plans with due caution. He was very exact in all his engagements, and was forbearing and forgiving to others. His manners were popular, and he took great pleasure in all the refined enjoyments of society, while he retained his cheerfulness and equanimity in danger, and inspired confidence in all around him. He was very fond of his library, to which he was continually making additions.

So lived and so died the hero of Louisburg, —Sir William Pepperell, the only native of America who down to his day had been raised to an hereditary English title. As he left no son, the baronetcy conferred on him died at his death. His daughter, however, married Mr. William Sparhawk, who took his name, and being staunch in his allegiance to the English crown, when the American colonies revolted in 1776, he suffered the forfeiture of his extensive lands and of the fleet of merchant vessels which

he owned. Faithful to his king, he came over to England with his family,* settled in London, and had renewed to him the baronetcy which his father-in-law had held; and with it he had conferred on him and on his two next successors in the title a handsome pension, I believe, of two thousand pounds a year; but his only son died before him, so the title a second time became extinct, and an ungrateful country omitted to continue that pension to his three daughters—Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Congreve of Congreve, Cheshire, and of Aldermaston, Berkshire, and Lady Palmer of Wanlip, Leicestershire,—whose children are coheirs and coheiresses of the honoured name of Pepperell, but without any of the material advantages which might have been expected to belong to that inheritance.

Portraits of the second Sir William and Lady Pepperell, by Copley, hang on the walls of

* He came over in the same ship with the late Mr. J. S. Copley, R.A., and with his son, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst, who, when ninety years of age, told me that he well remembered the fact of having had Sir W. Pepperell's children as his playmates on the voyage.

Wanlip Hall, and the late lamented poet, Longfellow, told me that he had other portraits of the Pepperell family which he valued highly, at his home at Cambridge, United States, and which he should feel a pleasure and a pride in showing to me, as Sir William Pepperell's great-grandson, should business or pleasure ever induce me to cross the Atlantic.

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.

‘She wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.’

AMONG the many bright examples of virtue to be found in the ranks of the great houses of our country, few shine with a purer lustre than Rachel, Lady Russell. She is known as the wife, and, unhappily for herself, the widow, of the patriot William, Lord Russell, who fell a victim to the spite and cruelty of a Stuart sovereign on the scaffold in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. He had been long marked out as one of the leaders of the popular party for the revenge of the court, and he was accused, though falsely, of having had a hand in the Rye House Plot. He was convicted on false evidence, and executed in 1683. His wife, who was tenderly attached to him, mourned her

lord most affectionately; she clung to his memory for forty years with most perfect loyalty, and never entered again the gay world, which had lost all its charms for her. She said, with Dido of old, only with greater truth :

‘ Ille meos, qui me sibi junxit, amores

Abstulit, ille habeat secum servetque sepulchro.’

The lady of whom I write was by birth a Wriothesley, the second daughter, and ultimately heir of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, Lord High Treasurer, whose father was the friend of Shakespeare. As she did not die till September 29, 1723, and was in her eighty-eighth year, she must have been born in or about 1636, whilst the kingdom was distracted by the Civil War. Little is known of the details of her early life, except that she lost her mother when quite young, and that in her childhood and girlhood she was the constant companion of her father, from whose lips she learned more of her education than from books. Her early years were spent either at Southampton House, in the pleasant suburb of Bloomsbury, or at her father’s country seat at

Titchfield, in Hampshire; and almost the only event that she records at this date is a 'sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea.'

In those 'Letters' which have made her famous, there are few allusions to her childish days; but in one she writes in self-reproaching terms, as though she had been wild and giddy, and too fond of balls, dinners, the park, and plays, and of life at the fashionable resorts of Tunbridge Wells and Bath. She also accuses herself of frequent absence from church and sermons. But these reproaches must be taken with several 'grains of salt,' for at seventeen she was married to the youthful Lord Vaughan, son of the Earl of Carbery—a matter, as she styles it, 'rather of acceptance than of choice.' Still she seems to have spent two or three happy years at her father-in-law's pleasant seat of Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, which were brought to an end by the death of her infant as soon as it was baptised, and, a few weeks after, by that of her husband.

Left a widow at little more than twenty, handsome, wealthy, and childless, we may easily suppose that the Lady Vaughan had no

dearth of suitors. But she was in no hurry to make a 'choice.' Again she took up her abode with her father at Titchfield ; when he died she removed to Stratton, in the same neighbourhood, a place which apparently came to her as his heir. Her life was now spent partly in the quiet rural scenes of her Hampshire home, and partly at Southampton House, already mentioned. When she married a second time, it was at the mature age of thirty-three, and when William Russell, a younger son of the Earl of Bedford, had been well-known to her for at least two years. In this choice she would seem to have been peculiarly happy, for Mr. Russell was a man of high personal honour and public and private worth ; and, though he was only a younger son, yet his elder brother was so great an invalid that it was almost certain that one day or other he would succeed to the earldom of Bedford and the ownership of the princely domain of Woburn Abbey.

Her husband, though still young—in fact, three years younger than herself—had already made his mark in the House of Commons, and

was one of the acknowledged leaders of the popular party. He was the bosom friend, too, of Algernon Sidney. What more need be said in his favour? Incapable, however, as he was of such mean conduct as conspiring to assassinate his sovereign, yet in 1683 he was committed to the Tower, nominally on the charge of complicity in the Rye House Plot. This was on the 26th of June; and so rapid were the strides of the myrmidons of the law, that his trial followed on the 13th of July, and his execution eight days later. The wife's bearing in this rapid passage from joy to grief has so high a place in the annals of female heroism, and has been so often described, that I need not dwell upon it here. From the moment of his committal she worked with the industry of a practised lawyer, collecting evidence for his case and information as to the course likely to be pursued against him, and adopting every precaution. Her appearance in court on the day of his trial may well have sent a thrill through the assemblage; and when her lord was asked if he would have a clerk to take notes, and he replied, 'My lords, my *wife* is here

to do it,' that thrill must have been redoubled.

We pass over the details of the scene; the unjust verdict, the unrelenting cruelty of the king, and still more of the Duke of York, who urged that the execution should take place in the front of Lord and Lady Russell's much-loved home in Bloomsbury. But, dear as was her husband's life to her, still dearer was truth; she would not have allowed him, even if he had been willing, to save his life by declaring that it is unlawful to resist a king; and she even rebuked Dr. Tillotson, who advised him to subscribe that doctrine with a view to her husband's preservation.

Indeed, on becoming aware that plans were being made to effect her husband's rescue by an act of deceit, she refused to urge him to avail himself of them, though Lord Cavendish offered to exchange clothes with the prisoner in his cell; and then, at her final parting, she so restrained her feelings as not to unman him for the scene that would arrive so speedily. She parted with him calm and collected, went back to her home without openly shedding a tear, and thenceforth

sought strength and comfort from a source higher than human.

Once, and, so far as we learn, once only, she made a pilgrimage to Chenies, to see the tomb of her beloved husband, a year or so after his death. Her children and their grandfather, the old Earl of Bedford, were now her special care. Her letters show that she had trials to bear in her sister's family, and others in such public affairs as the cruel revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which she lamented all the more because *her mother*, a daughter of the Baron de Ruvigny, was a *Frenchman* and a Protestant. Being on terms of friendship with the Princess of Orange, she hailed with joy the dawn of the Revolution of 1688, and doubtless rejoiced in the elevation of the head of the Russells to that ducal rank which ought also to have been her own. Her son was somewhat wild as a youth, but she exerted all a mother's influence on him, and so effectively, that he became an honour to the House of Peers.

She had the satisfaction, such as it was, of seeing the craven-hearted James, now king, a suppliant at her father's knee for help against

the bolder members of his House of Lords. The story is thus told :

‘My lord,’ said James to the Earl of Bedford, ‘you are a good man, and you have influence with the peers. You could do me good service with them to-day.’

‘I am old, sir, and feeble,’ replied the earl ; ‘but I once had a son who——’ The rest of the sentence was lost in sobs ; but the scene must have cut even James to the quick.

Six years had scarcely passed by after the execution of Lord Russell, ere his widow had the satisfaction of hailing King William as king, and of seeing her lord’s attainder reversed by a joint vote of both parties in the Commons ;* and later still, an incident is recorded by Macaulay, which shows the magic influence of her heroic character. In 1698, Lord Clancarty was sent to the Tower, being found guilty of treason, Macaulay writes :

‘Devonshire and Bedford joined with Ormond to ask for mercy. The aid of a still more powerful intercession was called in. Lady

* In the bill for reversing the attainder, the execution of Lord Russell is styled a ‘murder.’

Russell was esteemed by the king as a valuable friend. She was venerated by the nation generally as a saint, the widow of a martyr, and when she deigned to solicit favour, it was scarcely possible that she should solicit in vain. She naturally felt a strong sympathy for the unhappy couple who were parted by the walls of that gloomy old fortress in which she had herself exchanged the last endearments with one whose image was never absent from her. She took Lady Clancarty with her to the palace, obtained access to King William, and put a petition in his hand.' This saved the life of the traitor, who was pardoned on condition of leaving the kingdom, never to return.

As she approached old age she suffered from blindness, which was said to arise from constant weeping; but this was relieved by couching, and in her last years she was carefully attended by her only surviving child, the Duchess of Devonshire. She died calmly and peacefully on the anniversary of her husband's birthday, and her eyes were closed by her daughter's hand. From Southampton House her remains were carried, on October 12th following, to be

placed by the side of her murdered husband in the north aisle of the parish church of Chenies, where all the Russell family have their last home.

Two daughters and a son were born during the fourteen happy years of her union with Lord Russell. The daughters both lived to become duchesses, the one of Rutland, and the other of Devonshire, and her son was the second Duke of Bedford, that title having been conferred on her husband's father soon after the Revolution, partly as a recompense for the legal 'murder' of that father's son. It was this duke who married the heiress of the Howlands of Streatham, who brought to the Russells a splendid dowry in the shape of broad acres on the Surrey side of the Thames. He died in his mother's lifetime, but handed on both title and estates to his children.

Lady Russell, says one of her friends, 'united the character of a heroine to the conduct of a saint.' And, in like manner, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1854, mentioning her virtues in detail, avows his opinion that the 'name of Rachel Russell is one for which,

Protestants as we are, we are well-nigh tempted to demand canonisation;’ and asks, ‘Who is there whose character, take it for all in all, is richer in qualities which seldom meet in one and the same person? Neither soured nor spoiled, nor deadened in her perceptions by trials, ready for every emergency, humble, but not to be diverted from any right purpose, quiet, brave, simple, just, and loving, can this picture be overcharged? To us, indeed, every trace of this woman is sacred; . . . and the confidential outpourings of Rachel Russell, the loving wife and mourning widow, are the rich inheritance of every Englishman and Englishwoman.’ Can words of higher praise be uttered?

Bishop Burnet says that ‘Lady Rachel’s letters are written with an elegant simplicity, with truth and nature which can flow only from the heart; the tenderness and constancy of her affection for her murdered lord present an image to melt the soul.’ Even Horace Walpole, in writing to Sir Horace Mann, remarking how much better women write than men, pays her the following compliment: ‘I

have before me a volume of letters written by the widow of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence. I want,' he adds, 'the Duke of Bedford to let me have them printed.' Possibly in compliance with this suggestion, they were published some twenty years later, in 1773;* they have since passed through several editions here, and have been reprinted in America. To use the happy phrase of Allibone, these letters 'have embalmed her memory in the hearts of thousands.' Her Life, and her Correspondence with her husband, were given to the world by Lord John Russell in 1820; and Guizot made her married life the subject of a volume, which was translated into English, and published by the late Mr. John Martin, the librarian at Woburn Abbey, with the sanction of the Duke of Bedford and M. Guizot himself. In a somewhat different shape, and under a different title, this work has been given also to the American world. In 1819 Miss Berry gave to the world

* On their appearance, Horace Walpole mentions them only with a heartless sneer, asking 'whether there is anything worth reading in them?'

a series of Letters addressed by Lady Rachel to her husband, and treasured among the archives of Devonshire House. These had never appeared in print before ; but it was not till many years later that the Letters of the wife and the widow were brought into one series.

In spite of some ‘homely expressions and awkward phrases’—the result of her imperfect education amid the strife of the civil war—Lady Rachel Russell’s ‘Letters’ will always be favourites with the better class of readers. They will see that, though the manner may not be all that can be wished, the matter is above praise. The writer inherited a noble nature. Her father, though an advocate of the popular cause, would have no hand in the war against the king, and, equally disapproving the tyranny of Strafford and the Stuarts, retired from Court, survived the Civil Wars, and was pronounced ‘the most honest man ever known to be in the service of Charles the Second.’ Her grandfather was Shakespeare’s friend—the earl whom Nash commemorates as ‘a dear lover and cherisher as well of the lovers of poets as of

poets themselves ;' the same earl to whom Shakespeare dedicates his 'Lucrece,' and who is thus apostrophised by Gervais Markham :

‘Thou glorious laurel of the muse’s hill,
Whose eye does crown the most victorious pen ;
Bright lamp of virtue.’

Her letters fully prove that she had inherited a part, at least, of her father’s and her grandfather’s high character. It is true that a wail of anguish is wrung from her sometimes, for the iron had entered into her soul. But piously and patiently she bears up for the sake of her children and of their father’s memory. ‘When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure *he* took in them ; this makes my heart shrink.’ She does not, like weak-minded persons in the same circumstances, seek relief within the walls of a convent, and fly from the troubles and trials which surround her, but boldly faces them as they come. Though they have parted on that fatal morning, her lord to the scaffold, and she to that dreary house which would henceforth be her home, yet she does not give way to useless repinings and reproaches, but

finds her pleasure and her duty in the education of her children in the same virtuous principles which their father had cherished and taught. It is true that ‘grief fills the room of her absent lord;’ or, as Shakespeare writes in ‘King John,’

‘Lies in his bed, walks up and down with her . . .
Remembers her of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.’

But still, she does not forget herself and her children. Only two months after his execution, we find her a guest, and doubtless an honoured guest, at Woburn, and in the following year she is again in London, and at Stratton. Is her son, Wriothsesley, sick and ill? She removes with him from Woburn to Totteridge, near Barnet, for change of air, and nurses him till he is well. And, when he recovers, we find her proposing to place that son, who is destined to become the head of the Russells, with a pastor of the Huguenot refugees who, under her near relative, M. de Ruvigny, have formed a church at Greenwich. She busies herself in such womanly work as forwarding the mar-

riages of her near relatives, especially that of her daughter to Lord Cavendish, the son of her husband's friend and would-be preserver. She can take pleasure even in such trifles as 'fairings,' which her sister and Lady Inchi-quin has brought her from Bartlemy Fair. And yet she never forgets the sad past. She writes to a friend: 'There are three days I like to give up to reflection; the day on which my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world.' And, mixed up with such personal details, we find her calmly speaking of the coming of Death as a friend, and looking forward patiently and hopefully to the day when she shall again meet her husband in a happier and better world.

'Hers was the charm of calm good sense,
Of wholesome views of earth and heaven,
Of pity touched with reverence,
To all things freely given.'*

It is indeed strange that the life of such a woman as Lady Rachel Russell is omitted from

* Owen Meredith, 'The Wanderer.'

nearly all our biographical dictionaries, and that her name is mentioned merely as an appendage to that of her husband. She deserves to be recorded in the pages of history for her own personal virtues. Well indeed may the late Lord Stanhope (better known as an historian by his former title of Lord Mahon) ask impassionately in his Report, as a Commissioner of the Fine Arts, whether there ‘could be a nobler figure for an artist,’ be he sculptor or painter, than the scene so well described by Samuel Rogers in his ‘Human Life’ :

‘ Then, on that awful day,
Counsel of friends, all human help, denied—
All, but from her who sits his pen to guide,
Like that sweet saint who sate by Russell’s side
Under the judgment seat.’

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF KNOLLYS.

WHEN, on June 23rd, 1883, General Sir William Knollys, K.C.B., Usher of the Black Rod, paid the debt of nature, there were but few who remembered how that he had entered life, and, I believe, had received his first commission in the Army, under the name of Viscount Wallingford, as eldest son of the Earl of Banbury. But about this said earldom there is a story to be told. It has been told before, but as it is doubtless new to many, if not to most, of my readers, I will tell it again, premising that for the leading facts and dates I stand indebted to the pages of the 'Extinct and Dormant Peerage' of Sir Bernard Burke.

Every reader of English history has heard the name of Sir Francis Knollys, the trusted

friend of Elizabeth, and for many years the guardian of the person of her rival, Mary Queen of Scots. A staunch, open supporter of the Reformation, he thought it prudent to retire into Germany on the accession of King Edward to the throne, though he had held a court appointment under Henry VIII. But as soon as Elizabeth became queen, he returned to England, and, enjoying the confidence of his sovereign, he was made successively Chamberlain and Treasurer of the Royal Household, and invested with the blue riband of the Order of the Garter. By his wife, a niece of Queen Anne Boleyn, he had a daughter, Lettice, married to Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, and a son, William, who, having been, like his father, Treasurer of the Royal Household, and a Knight of the Garter, was appointed to the lucrative office of 'Master of the King's Wards.' By James I. he was created Viscount Wallingford and Earl of Banbury, and allowed to take precedence of all earls created before him. His choice of these particular titles doubtless was made because the estate of Rotherfield Greys, near Henley-on-Thames, which had been granted to

his grandfather by Henry VIII., lay not far from the one place, and in the same county with the other.

The earl was twice married ; his second wife was Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, his neighbour at Ewelme, in Oxfordshire. He died in May, 1632, in his eighty-ninth year, only three or four years after this marriage ; and he left behind him a young and sprightly widow. An ‘Inquisition,’ after his decease, found and reported that he had died *sine prole*. ‘His honours were deemed or assumed to have become extinct, and his estates passed to his collateral heirs, except such as he had devised to his widow,’ who soon took as her second husband the Lord Vaux of Harrowden. But this did not prevent her from introducing to her friends two fine boys, who had been born in her husband’s lifetime, but who had generally been supposed to be Lord Vaux’s children. Indeed, they had been called after Lord Vaux’s name ; but now she set them up as really the children of her first husband, and even caused the elder to take the title of Earl of Banbury. They were both children at

the outbreak of those civil wars which so deranged the proceedings and destroyed the authority of the House of Lords. The elder son died in his youth; but his younger brother, Nicholas, stepped into his shoes, and took his seat as Lord Banbury in the Convention Parliament of 1660, voting as such on several occasions. But it would seem that this act on his part did not pass unquestioned. In the July of that year, within two months after the Restoration, it was moved and ordered that the House of Peers should hear counsel at the bar in the matter of ‘a person now sitting as a peer of the realm, viz., the Earl of Banbury.’

So irregular, however, to say the least, were the proceedings of the Upper House, that there is no actual record of the point being argued before it by counsel learned in the law. The journals are silent on the subject; though, as Sir Bernard Burke tells us, ‘they furnish abundant proof that the doubt had been removed by some means, for they show that the said earl was present in the House every day preceding the day appointed for the hearing; that he was also present on that very day; and that

the day following he was named (a member) of a Committee on the Excise Bill.' It further appears that he was present, as a peer presumably, on September 13th, when the King was in the House; and, in short, that he was absent only seven days between July and the November following, when we find it expressly ordered 'that the Earl of Banbury hath leave to be absent for some time.'

On the assembling of a new Parliament, however, in the May following, we find no Lord Banbury named among the peers summoned to attend at Westminster. His lordship, therefore, was forced to pose as a 'claimant,' and he presented a petition to the King, asking for his writ of summons. This petition was forwarded by his Majesty to the House of Peers, who referred it to a 'Committee of Privileges.' Witnesses were examined; the Attorney-General, who attended on behalf of the Crown, confessed the law to be clear, and in the end the Committee made its report to the effect that 'the Earl of Banbury is a legitimate person.'

It is probable that little or no further opposition would now have been made to Lord Ban-

bury's claim, had it not been for the obnoxious clause in the patent which gave him precedence over all his brother earls, including those of Shrewsbury, Derby, and Huntingdon; and, accordingly, the whole question was argued again at the Bar of the House and before the Committee of Privileges. In the end, his brother peers agreed to report that Nicholas, Earl of Banbury was legitimate, but that the precedence granted to him was illegal. Nothing definite, however, seems to have been done in the matter; for, in the following December, a Bill was brought in and read a first time, declaring Nicholas, Earl of Banbury, to be illegitimate. 'But,' observed Sir Bernard Burke, 'such a measure was found too unjust to become law;' the Bill was dropped, and the 'claimant' died without seeing the question brought to a conclusion. His son Charles was a minor at his father's death, so nothing could be done in the matter till he came of age.

In 1685, he presented to the House of Lords a petition to the same effect as his father before him had done, and he was met by the same heart-breaking procrastination. The question,

however, soon after took a new shape; for the young earl had the misfortune to kill his brother-in-law in a duel, and was indicted for manslaughter at the Middlesex Sessions. Thenceforth the Banbury case became confusion worse confounded; for, when indicted as Charles Knollys, he pleaded that he was a peer; but the Attorney-General refused to allow such a privilege, as the House of Lords had denied his right; but Lord Holt and his brother judges, on the matter coming before them, declared the resolution of the Lords to be invalid. The claimant now again presented his petition for a writ of summons, and the Crown again, in 1693, referred it to the Lords, who got rid of the affair by sending a message to his Majesty, 'That they had already determined the question, of which they supposed the King was not aware.' In the reign of Queen Anne the claimant once more petitioned to the same effect, and his petition was referred to the Privy Council; but what became eventually of his petition is not known.

That a claimant should be thus 'driven about from pillar to post' was not at all to the credit

of English law and the first principles of justice; and it was hardly to be supposed that the claimant would rest contented with a position which made him neither peer nor commoner; so he renewed his petition on the accession of George II. Sir Philip Yorke—afterwards Lord Hardwicke—was the Attorney-General, and, on the petition being referred to him, he reported that ‘it was a matter of discretion, not of law, whether the Crown would refer it to the Lords:’ the Crown therefore declined to interfere.

Thus the claim continued to hang suspended from reign to reign. If Mr. Knollys was Earl of Banbury, he had a right to sit and vote in the Upper House; if not, he was a plain untitled country gentleman. Which, then, was he? The law, on being appealed to, was silent: its oracles were dumb. Sir Bernard Burke attempts to justify this anomalous state of things. He says: ‘Lord Hardwicke was undoubtedly right; it was a matter of pure option on the part of the Crown whether it would take the opinion of the House of Lords (on the question); and prudence counselled the nega-

tive, after the flame which had been kindled a few years previously between the House of Peers and the Courts of Law.' This is an easy way of disposing of an awkward and difficult inquiry; but was it just towards 'the claimant,' and is it just to his descendants and representatives? I venture to doubt.

At length, in 1776, according to Sir Bernard Burke, the heirship of the family devolved on William Knollys, an officer in the army, who had attained the rank of general, and who from that time enjoyed, as his ancestors had enjoyed since the Restoration, the titular honour of Earl of Banbury, and had been so named in all the King's commissions. The awkwardness of his situation, however, impelled him to make an effort in his own person to have the question of his right to a writ of summons finally decided. He accordingly petitioned the Crown, and the case in 1808 was referred to the Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs. That able lawyer reported 'that he was bound by the high authority of the judgment of Lord Chief Justice Holt, in 1693, to give it as his opinion that the resolution of the House of Lords on that occa-

sion was not conclusive, because, if that judgment had been erroneous, it might have been reversed by a writ of error.'

Matters stood thus in 1813, when the case came once more and finally before a Committee of the House of Lords, Sir Samuel Romilly being counsel for the claimant; and the Lords arrived at the conclusion 'that the claimant was not entitled to the earldom of Banbury.' The unsuccessful claimant on this occasion, I may add, was the father of the late Sir William Knollys. Sir William was one of the most popular men of his time. As Usher of the Black Rod, he was personally known to every member of the Upper House; and he was the intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, who employed him in the superintendence of more than one department of his household at Marlborough House, and also as Receiver-General of the rents of the Duchy of Cornwall.

The real question at stake from first to last was this: were the Countess of Banbury's children the issue of her first or of her second husband? They were born during the lifetime of the former, and therefore, in the absence of full

and certain proof to the contrary, they were his 'in the eye of the law.' Such full and certain proof was never adduced as could bastardise them; and consequently to the ordinary Englishman it would seem that the earldom of Banbury is not extinct, but belongs to the grandson of the last actual claimant. In all probability the earldom suffered shipwreck in port two centuries back, because of the jealousy provoked by the absurd patent of precedence with which the Scottish Solomon had weighted it: thus showing that the favour of a king is not always a source of prosperity to those on whom he smiles.

As for the house of Knollys, or Knowlys, or Knowles, for the name is variously spelt, the heralds claim for it a descent from Sir Robert Knollys, K.G., who rose to fortune from a humble rank in the wars, having been chosen by the Black Prince to accompany him to Spain, and was afterwards general of the forces sent by King Edward into France. By Richard II. he was made Governor of Brest, and sent along with Thomas Plantagenet (of Woodstock), Earl of Buckingham, and other nobles to assist the

Duke of Brittany against the French, when, landing at Calais, they marched through France without resistance. The next year, on the breaking out of Jack Straw's rebellion, Sir Robert led the citizens of London against the rebels. Besides his military achievements, however, he left behind him some peaceful memorials of himself. It was he, for instance, who built the 'stately' bridge over the Medway at Rochester, and he likewise founded a collegiate church of secular priests at Pontefract, in Yorkshire. Though not the founder, he was the chief benefactor and enlarger of the Church of the Carmelites, known as the White Friars, in the City of London, in the body of whose church he was buried, not long after close of that 'Edwardian Era,' to the glory of which he had largely contributed.

THE CARYLS OF WEST SUSSEX.

AMONG the ancient county families of Sussex, there is—or rather, was—one whose name is familiar to the readers of Alexander Pope as numbering among its members a friend and correspondent of the bard of Twickenham. I refer to the Caryls of West Grinstead. Though they have been extinct, at all events in Sussex, for nearly a century, yet their memory is fresh in the district where their broad acres extended, and they are still held in honour for their heroic devotion to ‘the old faith.’ They possessed, under the last Stuarts and the first of our Hanoverian sovereigns, vast estates, which stretched right across the county from near Shoreham and Steyning to the borders of Surrey. They held several manors and manor

houses; and, in fact, after the princely owners of Arundel Castle and Petworth House, and possibly Halnaker, they were the greatest magnates in Sussex, so far as territorial property is concerned. West Grinstead Park was one of their seats—in fact, their chief seat. Here, even so lately as the days of George II., they still kept up a grand establishment, with horses and hounds, and foresters and retainers. Their old castle, however, has long since been destroyed, and has been succeeded by a modern semi-Gothic residence, built about a century since, after the fashion and in the style of Horace Walpole's 'gingerbread structure' at Strawberry Hill.

Many of the old pollard oaks which once owned the lordship of the Caryls are still standing in the deer park, which formerly was part of an ancient chase. At this mansion Addison was an occasional visitor; and they still show in the park the tree under which Pope wrote a part, at least, of his celebrated mock-heroic poem of 'The Rape of the Lock.'

But some years before the accession of George III. the fortunes of the Caryls had waned

gradually, and, to speak the truth, out of their vast estates, only a small portion still remained to them.

The history of their decay, however, is not a matter of shame and reproach. They did not lose their wealth by gambling, or by indulging in the other grosser forms of luxury in which English courtiers and country gentlemen wasted their substance in imitation and emulation of Charles II. Their money was lost in another way—by their staunch and conscientious adherence to the creed of their forefathers.

The Caryls were staunch royalists and loyalists, and staunch Roman Catholics, and they had the misfortune of living under the blighting influence of the penal laws to which their co-religionists were subjected. In the days of which I speak it was a matter of heavy fine, imprisonment, and even banishment, to harbour a priest, and it was death for a priest to be found exercising his functions in England; and in the southern and eastern counties especially, on account of their nearness to the metropolis and the court, these laws were sometimes enforced with a severity which it was impossible

to bring into operation north of the Trent and Humber. In the case of wealthy and noble landowners, the very fact of being 'Popish recusants' had to be compromised or atoned for by heavy and repeated fines, twenty pounds a month being frequently imposed on the head of a household for every member of his family who did not put in an appearance at public worship in his parish church on Sundays.

Now it so happened that the Caryls were notorious harbourers of priests and frequenters of Roman Catholic chapels, which they maintained in each of their manor-houses for the use of their tenantry, who followed their lead almost to a man in matters of religion. Not having the influence at Court which was enjoyed by the Howards, the Talbots, and the Cliffords, they were forced to compound with the government at a very heavy annual sum for themselves, their families, and their tenantry. Fines and imprisonments, and constant prosecutions for 'harbouring of seminary priests' and for 'Popish recusancy,' and later on sundry confiscations of broad lands on account of Jacobite conspiracies—in which, it must be owned,

various members of the family engaged—these gradually wasted and destroyed the estates of the Caryls, until, about a hundred years ago, the last of the old race was left to live with its three maiden sisters in the old half-ruined castle of West Grinstead, having parted by necessity with all his estate, except only two or three farms in the immediate neighbourhood.

The memory of these three ‘ladies bountiful’ is still sweet and fresh round West Grinstead, and not many years ago the old people would relate to visitors how the Miss Caryls used to go about among their brother’s people, praying by their sick-beds, comforting and tending the destitute and sorrowful, and instructing the ignorant, both young and old, and, in fact, performing all the corporal and spiritual acts of mercy which the religion of Christ inculcates. In a word, they seem to have left behind them the odour of almost every Christian virtue, and thus the ‘old religion’ is still personified in the tenacious minds and memories of the local peasantry, and associated with piety and goodness.

There is perhaps no district in England where

so many of the old Roman Catholic practices are so generally kept up, and only a few years ago there was scarcely a cottage near in which the following night prayer was not recited by the children as a charm :

‘ Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on :
Four corners to my bed ;
Four angels at my head :
Two to watch and one to pray,
And one to carry my soul away.’

But to return to the Caryls. After a time the three ladies left their country and crossed the sea into Belgium, having no longer the means of keeping up their place in the home of their ancestors ; and shortly afterwards the news was received that they had joined the English Benedictine Convent at Bruges. John Caryl, their brother, however, still remained for a time amid the wreck of his paternal inheritance. Debts had accumulated on him—debts incurred partly by fines on the score of religion, and partly for interest on the mortgages held by the family solicitor, a Mr. Burrell, in the neighbouring market town of Horsham. As the country people tell the story, it was not merely

the last blow that was given to their patrons by the new-made family; but they hint at a long course of action having been pursued, by which the clever and unscrupulous lawyer gradually involved the honest and unsuspecting Caryls in legal meshes from which there was no escape. At last he foreclosed, and the old Caryl estates passed into the possession of the titled family who now hold them, the first member of which was the country attorney who gave the last blow to his employers.

The Caryls really deserved a better fate. The Burrells, who now own West Grinstead Park, are baronets; and the peasantry, who have a vague notion that they ruined the Caryls on set purpose and by no honest means, say, as they point to the arms of the titled house with the badge of a baronet on the shield, ‘There is the red hand of the Burrells, showing that they drew the life-blood out of the old Caryls. Arms, as we all know, are not given by the Heralds’ College for nothing, or without a meaning.’ Verily sometimes there is reason in the unreasoning assertions of the ignorant multitude.

Be this, however, as it may, one thing is cer-

tain, namely, that in the early days of George III. John Caryl found himself suddenly a ruined man. It is true that he had a bailiff's house and a small home farm that had never been mortgaged, because it was made the abode of the resident priest, who for disguise was dressed as a farmer, and often looked after the farm, but who was known to the initiated few—those of the tenantry that were in the secret—in his proper character. The little chapel too was in the same house—in a secret loft in the roof, and approached only by a ladder. When John Caryl saw that the end had come, he sold his last acres—not, however, without legally settling the house and garden on the priest in perpetuity by the aid of trustees—and himself turned his back on the forests and downs of Sussex, a ruined, solitary man. He was never heard of more in his native land, much less in the county and neighbourhood which had known him in the days of independence and prosperity. It is said that he went into Belgium, and settled there in order to be near his sisters, and that he died in a poor lodging in the fair city of Bruges, without leaving behind him enough money to

pay the cost of his funeral. In some unknown Belgian churchyard lies the body of John Caryl, the last male member of a family who endured a slow, lingering martyrdom for centuries on account of their loyalty to the faith of their forefathers, and to the Stuart line of sovereigns.

As for the Burrells, baronets and squires of West Grinstead, some idea of their wealth may be formed when I add that the 'Modern Domesday Book,' published by the authority of Parliament, credits them with upwards of ten thousand acres in the county of Sussex; and that another member of the house, having come into another property by a caprice of fortune which is recorded by Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall in his 'Memoirs of My Own Time,' married one of the proudest of 'peeresses in their own right,' and was himself created a peer. He took, however, for his title not the Barony of Caryl, or of Grinstead, but that of Gwydyr.

THE BAD LORD BYRON.

THOUGH the coronet of Byron dates only from the time of the Civil Wars, yet the Byron family can boast of a noble descent, which they can trace back at least as far as the Conquest, when they were already the owners of extensive lands in Yorkshire. As they had not often to write their names, they figure as Birons and Burons, and even as Burrons, so little attention at that time was paid to orthography. They were probably greater adepts with the sword than with the pen; and they kept such state in their Castle of Horseley, or Horeston, that they became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land for hospitality.

At the time of the Domesday Survey, Ralph de Buron appears to have held divers manors in

Notts and Derbyshire, as well as in his own more northern county; and Burke tells us how his grandson Hugo, retiring in middle life from secular affairs, from a feudal baron became a professional monk, and died at the hermitage of Kersal, belonging to the great priory of Lenton. He left, however, a son, whose descendant, marrying a Nottinghamshire heiress, appears to have increased the wealth of the house; and *his* grandson, John Byron, received the honour of knighthood from Henry VII. in reward of his valour at the battle of Bosworth Field.

We pass from him over four generations, and come upon yet another Sir John Byron, Knight of the Bath, whose seven sons all either died or bled on the battlefield in support of the cause of royalty. His eldest son, another Sir John, was in command of the reserve corps at the battle of Edge Hill, and was the leader of the attack which at Roundaway Down routed Waller and the other Roundheads, and forced what Lord Clarendon calls the 'impenetrable' regiment of Sir Arthur Hazlerig's cuirassiers to save themselves by flight. Sir John was raised to the peerage in reward of these services in 1643, and

his brother and successor held the castles of Newark and of Appleby for the king. One of his great grandsons was the celebrated Admiral Byron, who as a midshipman sailing on board the *Wager* round the world, under the flag of Lord Anson, was cast away on a desert island, where he endured great hardships for five years, but at last was rescued and returned to England. He lived to become an admiral, and was the grandfather of the poet George Gordon Byron, who has twined the bay leaves with his ancestral laurels, and has immortalised by his pen a name already well known to history.

This Admiral Byron's elder brother William, the fifth wearer of the Byron coronet, was a person to whom a very painful notoriety attached. He succeeded to the honours while quite a boy, and seems to have been spoiled by the want of education and discipline. Left his own master while still a youth, he became a 'man about town,' and indulged himself freely in all the fashionable vices which marked the young scions of noble houses in the last century. He still bears in the neighbourhood of Newstead Abbey the reputation of the 'Bad

Lord Byron ;” and in his lifetime he bore the character of a most passionate and vindictive temper. The story of his duel with his neighbour and former friend, Mr. Chaworth of Annesley, which took place at the Star and Garter Hotel in Pall Mall, in January, 1765, has been often told, but will bear telling again.

The quarrel was a very silly and groundless one—a dispute over their wine cups as to the actual amount of game on their Nottinghamshire estates. Among the company present were several men of fashion and ‘quality,’ as the phrase then ran—Mr. John Hewett (who acted as chairman), Mr. Francis Molineux, Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert Burdett—almost all of them men connected by the ties of family or property with Nottinghamshire, and members of a county club which met once a month at that hotel. Some words on the subject had passed between them, but the matter had dropped. But as they were leaving the house Mr. Chaworth was enticed into a private room by Lord Byron, who locked the door, at once drew his sword, and made a lunge at his neighbour, calling on him to defend himself. It was the custom then for

every gentleman to carry his sword, so the battle was fought by the dim light of a candle ; and so thoroughly did it prove a *combat à outrance* that Mr. Chaworth, though the better swordsman of the two, was run through the body, and died a few hours afterwards. Mr. Chaworth was sensible to the last, made his will, and wrote a letter to his mother in the country, informing her of the ‘unfortunate accident.’

A coroner’s inquest was held on the body of Mr. Chaworth, and resulted in a verdict of manslaughter. In a few weeks after, Lord Byron was put upon his trial before his peers, the members of the House of Lords, to answer for his offence. The trial took place in Westminster Hall, where also he was convicted of manslaughter. ‘Peers, by an old statute, in all cases where the benefit of clergy is allowed, are dismissed without burning in hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood ; his lordship was accordingly dismissed on paying the fees.’ So writes old ‘Sylvanus Urban’ in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, in the pages of which is ‘an authentic narrative of the late duel between

Lord Byron and William Chaworth, Esq. ;' but it does not add much information to the account given above, except that the party dined at the then fashionable hour of four, and that after dinner a conversation arose on the game laws and the preserving of game, in the course of which Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron came to high words, the former remarking that 'Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than his lordship had on all his manors.' A bet for a hundred guineas followed, and Mr. Chaworth called for pens, ink, and paper, in order that the bet might be reduced to writing ; but another Nottinghamshire squire, who was one of the company, treated it in a jesting manner, and said that it was a foolish bet, and one that could never be decided. The talk, however, ran on, Mr. Chaworth saying, in a chaffing way, that 'if it were not for his own and Sir Charles Sedley's care, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate.' This put his lordship on his mettle, and he asked, with a smile, what and how many were Sir Charles Sedley's manors. Mr. Chaworth answered, 'Oh,

Nuttall and Bulwell.' Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but he claimed Bulwell as his own, on which it appears that Mr. Chaworth said, 'If you want information as to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, you know where to find him; and if he does not give you satisfaction, I can; and you know where to find me, in Berkeley Row.'

It is more than probable that he purposely used the word 'satisfaction' with a double meaning; and therefore, when the party broke up and they met on the stairs, Lord Byron asked him what he meant. These words, too, could be taken, of course, in an offensive sense; and probably, the Byron blood being up, his lordship *did* put upon them the worst construction. The result has been told above. Lord Byron in the first instance received a slight wound, but his return thrust proved fatal. The door being opened, the peer and the squire were found locked together in a death-struggle. A surgeon was sent for, and he at once said that the wound was mortal, and that Mr. Chaworth had not many hours to live. The family lawyer was summoned, and the wounded man

was just able to make his will, and expired, saying with his last breath that he would rather lie on his death-bed than feel that he had wantonly taken away another man's life.

‘These,’ writes Sylvanus Urban, ‘are the particulars of this unfortunate affair, by which it would seem that neither Mr. Chaworth himself nor any of his friends could blame Lord Byron for the part that he had in his death. Mr. Chaworth himself, it is manifest, was under apprehension of having mortally wounded Lord Byron, and Lord Byron, being still engaged (in the duel), had a right to avail himself of that mistake for the preservation of his own life. His lordship himself, no doubt, might have wished that in that situation he had disabled his adversary only; but, in the heat of duelling, who can always be collected?’ Mr. Chaworth, as we read in another page, ‘was a most amiable character, about forty years of age, and a bachelor.’ It is not a little singular that his niece, Miss Chaworth, was the first object of the poet Byron's earliest boyish affections.

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's formal acquittal of the charge of manslaughter by the House

of Peers, he was, however, regarded by the public as a guilty man, and everybody 'fought shy of him,' both in town and in the country. He betook himself to Newstead Abbey, and led a most retired and secluded life within its dreary walls, uncheered by the company of wife or child or brother, and almost entirely forsaken by his former friends. The 'old lord' seems to have been a most spiteful and unamiable character. He always carried firearms on his person, being probably rather tired of using his sword, and his only companions were two fierce dogs, a mastiff and a bull-dog. He quarrelled with his only son, who died before him, as also did his grandson; and to spite the former he cut down almost all the timber on the Newstead estate, sold the family portraits, and even dismantled the rooms of the Abbey. He had to follow his daughters, all unmarried, to their graves; and, when he died, he had neither child nor grandchild near him to close his eyes, while he knew that the Byron coronet must pass to an infant grandnephew whom he had never seen, and whose name he scarcely knew or cared to know.

That grandnephew, he little then imagined, was destined in the course of a very few years to restore by his pen its lustre to the tarnished shield of the House of Byron.

THE ILL-FATED HOUSE OF COW- DRAY.

ABOUT a mile from the pretty town of Midhurst, a few miles to the north of the West Sussex downs, in the midst of a fair, though very level park, stands the roofless ruin of a once noble and almost princely residence, Cowdray House, for two centuries the home of the Brownes, Viscounts Montague. This house was destroyed by fire a century ago, its youthful owner, the last male of the race, being almost at the same time drowned in the Rhine at the falls of Laufenburg. It was then remembered how that Sir Anthony Browne, the founder of the fortunes of the family, being a friend and courtier of the king, obtained a grant of Battle Abbey, in the east of Sussex, and how that, as he sat

banquetting in the Abbey Hall, one of the dispossessed brotherhood approached him, and foretold the ruin of his house in words that have become famous as the ‘curse of Cowdray.’ But I am anticipating; let me commence at the beginning.

In the far-off days of the Normans, then, Cowdray appears to have belonged to the wealthy and knightly family of the De Bohuns, who built for themselves a castle on a spot near that on which now stands the ruin above-mentioned. It was probably in the reign of Edward III. that the De Bohuns rebuilt their dwelling on the lower ground, where, two centuries later, it was replaced by the large and magnificent edifice which forms the subject of this paper. During these two centuries the estate had more than once changed hands, and in the early part of the sixteenth century it was owned by Sir William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, by whom the building of ‘the great house of Cowdray’ was commenced, and at whose death, in 1543, it passed to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne, who may be regarded as the founder of the fortunes—or

the misfortunes—of the lords of Cowdray. Sir Anthony was Master of the Horse and Chief Standard Bearer of England in the time of Henry VIII. He it was who married Anne of Cleves as the king's proxy, and who later on married, on his own account, and as his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, and better known as the 'Fair Geraldine.'

It was to this Sir Anthony Browne that Battle Abbey and other broad lands and noble buildings were granted at the 'Dissolution.' It is to him that county is indebted for the destruction of the glorious church which the Conqueror built at Battle to commemorate his victory over the Saxons; and it was to him that fell the delicate task of apprising his royal master of his approaching end. Within three months of the surrender of Battle Abbey, Sir Anthony Browne took up his residence within its walls, and soon set to work in altering or demolishing various parts of the structure.

There is more than one account given of the 'curse of fire and water' which was pronounced directly on him and his descendants,

and to which we have alluded above ; but the more generally received tradition is that when Sir Anthony was holding his first great feast, or ‘house-warming,’ in the Abbots’ Hall at Battle, a monk made his way through the crowd of guests, and, striding up to the daïs on which Sir Anthony sat, cursed him to his face. He foretold the doom that would befall the posterity of Sir Anthony, and prophesied that the curse would cleave to his family until it should cease to exist. He concluded with the words, ‘By fire and water thy line shall come to an end, and it shall perish out of the land.’

Henry completed the long list of honours and favours which he conferred upon Sir Anthony Browne by making him executor of his will and guardian to Edward VI. and Princess Elizabeth. Nor was Sir Anthony’s son and successor less prominent in public affairs ; but his fidelity to the Catholic faith was held by some to condone the crime of his father. He was created Viscount Montague by Queen Mary on the occasion of her marriage ; but, as may be expected, on account of his religion, he was omitted by Elizabeth from the list of her Privy Councillors.

He was, however, held in high esteem by the queen, who appointed him one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary Stuart, a compliment, by the way, which to so devoted a Catholic must have appeared somewhat doubtful. Shortly before the death of Lord Montague, which happened in 1592, Elizabeth honoured him with a visit at Cowdray.

His grandson, the second Viscount Montague, inherited all the pride of his ancestors, and his Book of Household Rules, compiled when he was only four-and-twenty years of age, is described by Horace Walpole as a 'ridiculous piece of mimicry of royal grandeur.' He was surrounded at Cowdray by no less than thirty-six different ranks of servants, and through the extravagance of his living in his later years he was greatly impoverished. He had, too, become implicated in the 'Gunpowder Plot,' for which he was thrown into the Tower; and from this time the fortunes of his family slowly but surely diminished. The third lord still further impoverished himself in the royal cause during the civil wars. His estates were sequestered by the Parliamentarians; his 'plate,

treasure, and other goods' were seized and sold, and Cowdray was converted into a barrack for the Roundheads. The result of all these troubles was the sale of one of Lord Montague's estates to Evelyn the diarist, and the 'disparking' of several of his parks.

Cowdray House, however, remained in the possession of the family till its destruction, and the fulfilment of the 'curse' in 1793. The fourth Viscount Montague became perhaps as deeply embarrassed as his father had been, and, in his anxiety to make money, demolished the great kitchen of Battle Abbey in order to sell the materials. The sixth viscount sold Battle outright, and his son spent some of the proceeds in modernising the house and grounds of Cowdray. But in the end poverty again asserted itself, and the seventh Lord Montague had to spend his declining days as an exile at Brussels. In 1793 his son, the eighth viscount, when but four-and-twenty years of age, went to Germany with the brother of Sir Francis Burdett, and both were drowned while attempting to 'shoot' the falls of the Rhine at Laufenburg. As if to heighten the tragedy, it is stated that Lord

Montague had scarcely left his hotel for Laufenburg when a letter arrived announcing the destruction of Cowdray House by fire, which had been caused through the carelessness of a workman. The ruin of the family was now complete. What was left of the estates passed to Lord Montague's sister, Earl Spencer's grandmother. The viscountcy of Montague devolved upon a descendant of the brother of the second lord. He was a monk, but obtained the Papal dispensation to marry and continue the line. However, he left no children, and at his death in 1797 the male line of the Brownes of Cowdray became extinct.

The ruins of Cowdray have long since lost to a great extent the appearance of a building destroyed by fire, having become clothed with ivy and lichens. With the house perished many priceless relics that had been deposited there, among them being the sword of William the Conqueror, his richly embroidered coronation robe, and that Roll of Battle Abbey, upon the genuineness of which doubts have sometimes been cast.

Cowdray House in fact was a perfect treasure-

house, full of rare and curious things. Its most interesting feature, if we may judge from the description of the building in the recently published history of Cowdray by Mrs. Charles Saville Roundell, was an apartment called the Buck Hall; this hall was paved with white marble and panelled in cedar, with an open-timbered roof, in the centre of which was an open louvre, ornamented on the outside by nine gilded vanes. Around the hall were arranged eleven bucks carved in oak, the size of life. After the fire no efforts appear to have been made to save anything from the wreck, and the present appearance of Cowdray is thus pathetically described by Mrs. Roundell in her work before referred to. 'Above the great gateway the face of the clock still remains, with its hands still pointing to the hour at which it stopped; by the door is the old bell and the original staple which held the doors of the gateway. The kitchen still contains the enormous dripping-pan, five feet long and four feet wide, and the great meat-screen and meat-block. Among these relics of old Cowdray are lying a fine mirror frame, a chandelier, and Lady Montague's harp, on which

is still to be read the name of its maker, "H. Naderman, à Paris ;" sad but mute memorials of what was doubtless once a happy and splendid home, though now tenanted only by bats and owls.*

* See the British Archæological Association's Journal, vol i.

WEALTHY SIR JOHN DUCK, BART.

‘ON August 26th, being Wednesday at night, Sir John Duck, Baronet, departed this life at his residence in Silver Street, Durham, and was buried upon Monday after, being the 31st of August.’ So runs an entry in ‘The Local Historian’s Table Book for the Counties of Durham, Newcastle, and Northumberland,’ a curious and instructive antiquarian work, which was published some forty or fifty years ago, and is well known to the dwellers in the fair towns and fairer villages along the banks of the Wear, the Tees, the Tyne, the Coquet, and the Tweed.

And who, it will be asked, is this Sir John Duck? We have heard of ‘Parson Duck,’ the favourite of Queen Anne, and all that he did in the way of landscape gardening and curious

ornamentation in Richmond Park and elsewhere; but what reader of 'Burke' or 'Lodge' ever heard of a baronet named Duck? The answer is that he really had no pedigree, although he must have had a mother, and probably a father also; and that, as he had no children to succeed him, his name and his title have long since passed away out of remembrance, though a paragraph in Sir Richard Burke's work on 'Extinct Baronetcies' records the fact of his having been honoured with the prefix of 'Sir,' and having added the blood-red hand to his family shield. He is described as being 'of Haswell on the Hill,' and was created a baronet by James II. in 1687, the year before his abdication—the same year in which the king gave a charter to Newcastle, and in which the citizens of that town had cast in bronze the statue which next year they so ungratefully threw into the river Tyne, and out of which the church bells of Newcastle Cathedral are made. But I am wandering from my subject.

Though Duck was the wealthiest burgess in the civic annals of Durham, yet his parentage and birth have always been, and will always

remain a mystery. As to his early education, all that can be learnt with certainty is that he was ‘bred a butcher,’ being taught his business by one John Heslop, ‘in defiance of the trade and mystery of the butchers,’ from which it may be supposed that he did not serve a regular apprenticeship to the craft. Mr. Richardson adds that in the books of the trade a record still exists, warning Master John Heslop ‘that he do forbear to sett John Ducke on worke in the trade of a butcher;’ but he does not tell us where this ‘record’ is to be seen. Be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, namely, that he throve in his craft, and, while still young, grew immensely rich, and that he married the daughter of his benefactor. Whether he did this as a mark of gratitude for past favours, or as a stepping-stone to further ones, is a point on which I can throw no light. Perhaps, like honest John Osborne* upon London Bridge, who founded the fortunes of the ducal house of Leeds by just such a marriage, he had saved the young lady from some mishap, and was rewarded with her hand accordingly.

* See ‘Tales of Great Families,’ first series, vol i.

I have made all possible inquiries among northern antiquarians, and can find no reason, except his wealth, for the title which he received from his sovereign. Possibly he may have lent money to him or to his impecunious brother, Charles II., or have helped them in some of their many love-makings. John Duck, however, was born to be rich and to rise to the top of the tree. He built for himself, in Silver Street, a splendid mansion, in which Mr. Richardson tells us that there is still to be seen a carved oaken panel recording his happy rise to fortune. On this panel the baronet, then humble John Duck, cast out by the guild of butchers, is represented as standing near a bridge in the attitude of despondency; beneath flow the dark waters of the Wear; in the air is seen hovering about him a raven, which bears in his beak a piece of silver, or it may be of gold—a hint, I suppose, that Duck rhymes with ‘luck.’

According to local tradition, this piece of coin fell at the feet of plain John Duck, and the occurrence made a deep impression on his mind. If not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, at all events he was not far off it. He picked up

the money, and with it very naturally, anent his early education, bought a calf; in due course of time—the cattle plague not being then rife in the north—the calf grew up to be a cow and to breed calves of her own. These he took to a market close by, and with the produce of their sale he purchased other cattle, and so from slender beginnings made a handsome fortune. Perhaps he also did on the sly a little business in the way of money-lending and foreclosing mortgages. On the right hand of the panel is a view of his mansion in Silver Street; and he seems to be in the act of pointing to another in the distance, which is presumed to be the hospital which he endowed at Lumley, near Chester-le-Street, some ten miles distant from Durham.

Of the rest of his career, though he was the founder of this hospital, little or nothing is known. He seems to have lived respected in his native city and county, beyond which he probably never travelled. He died without ‘chick or child’ in 1691, as stated above, and was buried at St. Margaret’s Church, where his wife, ‘Pia, Prudens, et Felix,’ lies beside him.

‘ On Duck the butchers shut the door,
But Heslop’s daughter Johnny wed ;
In mortgage rich, in offspring poor,
Nor son nor daughter crowned his bed.’

Sir Bernard Burke tells us that Sir John Duck’s large property was divided into several channels, the greater part of it going to his wife’s nieces—namely, Elizabeth Heslop, who married George Tweddell, an alderman of Durham ; and her sister Jane, who married, firstly, a cordwainer of Durham, named James Nicholson, and, secondly, Mr. Richard Wharton, Attorney-at-law. The latter lady had, by her first marriage, a son, James Nicholson, some time M.P. for Durham, who left at his death three daughters—Mary, who died unmarried ; Jane, wife of Thomas, Earl of Strathmore ; and Anne, the wife of the Earl’s brother, the Hon. Patrick Lyon. So it is clear that some portion of Duck’s large wealth passed in due course into patrician hands.

The name of Sir John Duck, it is to be feared, has no other claim to be remembered than as that of a man who, rising suddenly, or, at all events, unexpectedly to wealth, used a part of

that wealth in a munificent way to benefit his fellow-creatures. For the rest, he must be classed under the category of eccentric characters. To him might well be applied the words of the Roman satirist, Juvenal :

‘ Quales ex humili summa ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna joculari.

THE ESCAPE OF LADY OGILVY.

FEW Scottish families have shown greater loyalty and fidelity to a lost cause, and few have suffered more severely for that loyalty, than the Ogilvies, Lords Ogilvy and Earls of Airlie. It was only in 1826 that the titles forfeited by his ancestors in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were restored to the present earl's grandfather, whose uncle, David, Lord Ogilvy, joined the standard of the young Chevalier, Charles Edward, at Edinburgh, at the head of a regiment of six hundred men, mostly of his own clan and name, from Forfarshire and Perthshire. For this he was attainted by Act of Parliament, as had been his uncle, John, the fourth earl, just thirty years before. After the battle of Culloden, he effected his escape to France, where he

rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and had the command of a regiment called 'Ogilvy's own.' It is the story of the escape of this lord's wife, a fair daughter of the noble house of Johnston of Westerhall, that I am about to relate. It will be seen that Margaret, Lady Ogilvy, was no bad counterpart of another Scottish woman, Lady Nithsdale, whose clever contrivance of her husband's escape from the scaffold and the axe I have already related in a previous work.*

In August, 1746, Margaret Lady Ogilvy was lying a prisoner, under sentence of death, in the castle of Edinburgh, on the charge of having levied open war upon his Majesty King George II., and she was almost daily expecting her execution. But she was a brave and a ready-witted woman, too, and she was resolved that, at all events, she would try how she could defeat the law of its victim. It is needless to add that she was as enthusiastic a partisan of the Stuart cause, and as willing as her lord himself to risk and to sacrifice fortune and life, and everything

* See 'Tales of Great Families,' 2nd series, vol. ii., p. 53.

save honour, if only she could secure the triumph of the Stuart tartan; for had she not urged and persuaded her husband to take the field in aid of the 'bonny Prince Charlie'? and had she not ridden by his side at the head of his clan to the fatal field of Culloden? and, if she did not actually join in the battle fray, had she not remained a spectator of the battle? and, when the rout came, had she not held a spare horse, fleet of foot, all ready for her husband to mount, and so to find his way to the sea-coast, and escape to France? Yes, she had done all this, and more besides; and when he had made good his flight, she was arrested and thrown into gaol, and tried and condemned to suffer death as a traitor. The Government of the Duke of Cumberland, however, were determined to make her an example and a warning to the rest of her sex, whose influence, it must be owned, had been very powerfully exerted by the Gordons, Erskines, Drummonds, and others in the lost cause. She was therefore sentenced to be beheaded at the Edinburgh Toll-booth six weeks after her trial. Her friends spared no efforts to procure a remission of her sentence:

but her wit and her talents were such that the King and his ministers turned a deaf ear to all appeals for mercy, and there appeared to be no chance of her escape from a death of public disgrace in the very flower of her youth and beauty.

But ‘there is many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip,’ and Lady Ogilvy was well aware of the proverb. Fortunately she was not so strictly and closely confined in her prison cell, but that many of her friends and acquaintances were allowed to visit her in prison, and they used their privilege of access to surround her with comforts, and to lighten by various artifices the burden of her captivity. Although her friends were making such efforts as they could on her behalf at Kensington Palace and St. James’s, she knew that she had no sisterly ‘Jeanie Deans’ to gain access to the Queen and to extort from her a promise that she would try and soften the King’s heart; so she resolved to help herself, and to be the author of her own deliverance.

And an agent ready to help her she found in a poor, ugly, deformed old woman, with an un-

gainly hitch in her walk, who brought to the prison her clean linen once or twice a week. As she was about to leave the cell after one of her regular visits, the captive detained her, saying that she was anxious to learn how she managed that hobbling gait. Would the old lady mind telling her how it was done? Though much surprised at such a bonnie lady taking such a whim into her head, and especially at such a time, when death was almost staring her in the face, yet the old crone willingly gave her the required lesson, and then took her departure. Lady Ogilvy kept practising the step, though by no means a graceful one, until she became quite proficient in it. She then communicated to her friends her design of using it and the poor old woman's clothes to effect her escape; and her friends, male and female, we may be sure, did their best to have everything in readiness, including a relay of horses, to aid her flight on the evening which she fixed for the attempt.

When the old woman made her appearance, as usual, at sundown on the Saturday before the day fixed for the execution, Lady Ogilvy

persuaded her to change clothes with her. 'Give me your dress and you take mine in its place.' The old crone was not unwilling to play the part of Glaucus to her Diomedes, and the exchange was promptly made.

'Now,' added the fair prisoner, 'do you remain here; nobody will harm you; you will save my life, and I shall not forget the kindness.' Then, taking up the basket, she assumed the old washerwoman's limping gait, left the room, walked coolly and calmly past the sentinel on guard, and joined the girl who had been waiting outside the castle gate while her mistress went inside. Fortunately, as they passed out, they were not challenged; and once well away from the castle precinct, they turned into one of the back streets, or wynds, and were soon out of sight. The girl was surprised at her mistress's silence, but said not a word, doubtless ascribing it to the pain and grief of parting with the dear young lady who was so soon to die. But what was the girl's surprise when she saw the crooked little creature suddenly throw aside her basket and reveal herself in her real character and person! Off ran the lady—not,

however, till she had slipped a piece of silver into the girl's hands, adding a request that she would go quietly home and say not a word about what she had seen.

Lady Ogilvy made her way to the Abbey Hill, where she found her friends, according to their promise, most anxiously awaiting her with a change of dress and a pair of saddle-horses. Hurrying over her 'farewell,' she was soon far away on one of the southern roads; not, however, on the main road to London, for fear of being recognised and her flight being intercepted, in which case, it may be presumed, she would have figured on Tower Hill or on Kennington Common instead of at the Tolbooth at Edinburgh.

Though at every town through which she passed she found that the news of her flight was known, and was the talk of the common people, yet she contrived to stave off inquiries, and to make her way unmolested to the sea coast, crossing over the bridge at Kingston-on-Thames because she knew London Bridge to be guarded. It is not said from what port she effected her escape from England; but, as a mat-

ter of fact, wearied with her long and perilous journey, she contrived to get a place on board a vessel bound for France.

And now, with a sigh of relief, she thought all danger of detection and recapture over; but just as the sails were being unfurled, and the anchor was about to be weighed, an embargo was laid on all the vessels in the harbour. Search was ordered to be made specially for Lady Ogilvy, whom the officers of the law thought to be on board one of them. The search was made, but fortunately the fair fugitive slipped through their fingers, being hidden in a cask which was supposed to contain a little meal. In an hour more the anchor was weighed, and the sails were set; the wind was northerly, and the good ship with her burden was on her way to the shores of France, which were reached before the next day. It may be imagined that the lady was glad to set her foot on a friendly soil, where at all events her neck and head were safe, and she could once more breathe freely. In a few days she joined her husband at St. Germain, which was then still a refuge to the adherents of the unfortunate Stuarts.

Lady Ogilvy lived little more than ten years after effecting this gallant escape from the block, and she never returned to the land that she had quitted ; she died in exile in 1757. In all probability she lies buried at St. Germain. Her husband, after the accession of George III., obtained a free pardon, quietly laid down his arms, and returned to Scotland. He lived to a green old age—indeed, on into the third year of the present century, so that he must have been known personally to many of the fathers of the present generation. In all probability he was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott. His son, ‘the Master of Ogilvy,’ died soon after him ; of his daughters, one lived till 1826, the other, who died young, was the wife of Sir John Wedderburn, who had held a cornet’s commission in Lord Ogilvy’s regiment at the battle of Culloden.

THE BULSTRODES OF BULSTRODE.

ON the south side of the high road from Uxbridge to Beaconsfield, not far from Gerard's Cross, the traveller sees the fine woods and deer park which surround Bulstrode Park, a seat of the Duke of Somerset. The house itself was built in 1686, and is characteristic of the age of its founder, who was none other than the infamous Judge Jeffreys, afterwards so celebrated for his cruelties. It was sold by this son-in-law to the Earl of Portland, whose son and successor, the first duke, resold it to the ancestor of his grace of Somerset.

The house is called Bulstrode, and for a very good reason. For six centuries and more it was the seat of the Bulstrodes, a family of some celebrity in their day, but who seem to have

passed away just as the sun of Jeffreys was in the ascendant.

Their original name, it is said, was Shobbington, and the story goes that they were 'at home' on their manor at Hedgerley, 'when the Conqueror came.' But they did not apparently much relish the Conqueror's coming, and, fearing that they should lose their broad lands, they resolved to fight and die for them.

The story of their successful resistance to the arms and forces of the Norman king is gleaned from various sources of information, stored amongst ancient documents in the possession of the Bulstrodes, and it will be found told *in extenso* in the pages of Lipscombe's 'History of Buckinghamshire.' The following outline of the story will be sufficient for my purpose :

The name of the Bulstrodes in the old Saxon days was Shobbington. When William I., after the battle of Hastings, set himself to reduce this kingdom in detail under his sway, he offered to grant to one of his Norman followers who had come over with him the fine and well-wooded estate which now is called Bulstrode, and which even then was situated, we are told,

in a fine and extensive park, by Gerard's Cross, and had been in possession of a Saxon family for several generations. But on this occasion William seems to have reckoned without his host. The Shobbington who enjoyed it, having notice of the king's intentions, declared that he would rather die, and pour out his blood freely and willingly, than tamely allow himself to be ousted from the inheritance of his forefathers. Following up this resolution by prompt and brave action, he armed his servants and tenants to a considerable number; upon which the Norman lord above-mentioned asked and obtained from the king a thousand of his bravest and finest Norman troops to help him to take possession of the estate by force. Nothing daunted, the Shobbington called on all his relatives and friends to assist him; and especially his neighbours of the two families of Penn and Hampden flew to arms in his cause, and came to his relief with their servants and their able-bodied tenantry. When they had all joined hands in the good cause, they took up a strong position, and threw up earthworks to defend the place; and the remains of these earth-

works, after the lapse of eight hundred years, are plainly traceable in the park to the present hour.

‘Now,’ writes Lipscombe, ‘whether they wanted horses or not is uncertain; but the story goes that, having managed to tame a parcel of bulls, they mounted (or strode) them, and, sallying out of their entrenchments during the night, surprised the Normans in their camp, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. The king, having intelligence of the affair, and not thinking it safe for him, whilst his power was as yet new and unsettled, to drive a daring and obstinate people to despair, sent a herald to them in order to know what they would have, and promised Shobbington himself a safe conduct if he would come to court. This Shobbington accordingly did, riding thither upon a bull, and accompanied by his seven sons likewise mounted. On his being introduced into the royal presence, the king asked him what were his demands, and why he alone dared to resist the Norman arms when the rest of the kingdom had submitted to his government, and owned him for their sovereign? Shobbington,

nothing daunted, made answer that he and his ancestors had long been inhabitants of this island, and that they had enjoyed that estate for many years, and were much attached to it; and he promised the king that if he was permitted still to hold it, he and his family would become his subjects, and be faithful to him in peace and in war, as he had been to his Saxon predecessors on the throne.

‘The king gave his royal word that he would confirm him in his estate, and accordingly forthwith had a grant made out, entitling him to its free enjoyment for the future. Upon this the family adopted the name of Bulstrode in lieu of Shobbington, in remembrance of having “strode” to court upon “bulls;” and the name clung to them during the whole of the reigns of our Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart kings.

‘The truth of this story is confirmed,’ adds Lipscombe, ‘not only by long tradition in the family, but by several memorials which remain on their lands; as also by the ruins of the works which they threw up in the park, and by the crest of their arms, which is a veritable bull’s head,

erased, Gu, attired Or, between two wings S.'

Lipscombe adds the pedigree of the Bulstrodes from the Harleian Manuscripts, carrying it down to Whitlock Bulstrode, of Clifford's Inn, London, who was aged 30 in 1683, and who is described as 'of Hounslow Priory, and a justice of the peace for Middlesex.' He died Nov. 27, 1724, and was buried at Hounslow. He seems to have left an only daughter, Elizabeth. The ancient Norman church of Upton, near Slough, contains memorials of Edward Bulstrode, 'esquire of the body' to Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and of other members of that ancient family.

I may add that a noble bronze bull crowns the north tower of his grace of Somerset's fine mansion, thus endorsing the truth of the story, and, as it were, proclaiming it to the outer world.

HARRIET MELLON, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

AMONG the ten or twelve ladies who have been raised from the stage to wear coronets, few names stand forth more pleasantly than that of Harriet Mellon. Some eighty-five years ago that lady was taking the town by storm by her performance of Volante in 'The Honeymoon,' at Drury Lane Theatre; and, as it was in the year in which the Battle of Waterloo was fought that she quitted the stage, she must have been in her zenith just at the same time with the Great Napoleon.

It is not known who was her father, though probably she had one, and it has been said that he was a chimney-sweep at Sheffield; her mother, a Mrs. Entwisle, was a celebrity in her day

upon the provincial stage; and little Harriet first saw the light on the 11th of November, 1777, in a small street near the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth. It is possible that her father may have been a certain Lieutenant Mellon of the Madras Army, who came, saw, and conquered her charming mother, and who, having married her on 'Twelfth Day,' 1777, sailed from Portsmouth for India in the following March, and was never heard of afterwards; and it is equally possible that the said Lieutenant Mellon was a 'nobleman in disguise.' This was a mystery constantly alluded to but never cleared up by her mother, who was a native of the county Cork, and of peasant extraction, and who probably had paid a visit to the 'blarney stone' in her childhood. What is known is that when her little Harriet was two or three years old she took as her second husband a certain Mr. Entwisle (over whose parentage, too, there hung an air of romance and mystery as well), and that the husband and wife used to make the provincial circuits from theatre to theatre on foot, carrying by turns little Harriet and a large Cremona violin. Mr.

Entwisle does not seem to have been remarkable in any way either as an actor or as a man ; and he contributed nothing to the prospects of his wife and his step-child, although we must do him the justice to say that he was both fond and proud of her.

When very young indeed, Harriet was the inmate of a fine castle, where she recollected handsome staircases, fine pictures, and ladies in gay attire, by whom she was petted and fondled ; and when in her maturer years, as Mrs. Coutts, she went as a visitor to that same castle, she at once recalled it as one of the haunts of her early childhood. Her mother, a woman of high spirit and passionate temper, appears to have treated her as a child with great severity, and even harshness ; but this she repaid only by kindness and substantial acts of benefit, a long catalogue of which may be found in the life of the Duchess, by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to give here a detailed list of the various provincial stages on which young Harriet Mellon had appeared before she was eighteen. But when she was about that age she had been brought

into contact with Sheridan, who first saw her at Stafford, and who urged her to come to town and try her fortunes on a more ambitious stage, promising her that he would give her introductions which would ensure her an engagement at Drury Lane. She, or rather her parents, followed Sheridan's advice. Though they were driven into serious straits for a time in the metropolis, yet luck came in its own good time, and during the season of 1795 she made her *début* on the boards of 'Old Drury,' as Lydia Languish. It was not, however, her fate to take the town by storm, as some have done before her and after her; in fact, it was only by gradual steps that she rose to become a favourite either in the town or in the country; but before the commencement of the present century her name was in everybody's mouth as one of the best of the rising generation of comic actresses. Mrs. Siddons knew her and admired her; and so did the stars of lesser magnitude who revolved around that centre of theatrical attraction.

It must have been about the year 1810 that she was first introduced, whilst on a professional tour at Cheltenham, to the gentleman whose

acquaintance most largely influenced the rest of her life. Mr. Thomas Coutts was well-known as a rich septuagenarian, who was 'taking the Cheltenham waters' for his health. He saw and admired Miss Mellon whilst she was walking with her mother on the Parade; and one evening he sent her an order for a box, with five guineas as an enclosure. These guineas she always regarded with religious, not to say superstitious, reverence, as five pieces of luck, and treasured them to her dying day. Mr. Coutts forthwith became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Entwisle's lodgings, and introduced his daughters—Lady Guildford and Lady Burdett—to the reigning and accomplished actress and her mother. On returning to London the intimacy was kept up; and Miss Mellon and her mother were equally constant and acceptable visitors at the great banking house in the Strand, of which Mr. Coutts was the head.

It happened that at this time Mrs. Coutts was an invalid; her mind was overcast by mental disease: she rarely appeared at table, and if she did her memory played her lamentable tricks. On one occasion she asked the Duke of

Clarence, afterwards William IV., if he were not the father of his Majesty King George III.

In the first month of 1815 old Mrs. Coutts exchanged this life for a better one, and her husband at once offered his hand, thus released, to the charming actress, who had been his daughters' friend, and in whom he thought he should himself find a true friend and a kind nurse in his declining years. At first Miss Mellon was strongly inclined to reject the offer, on account of the disparity of age; but at length she yielded to the importunity of one of Mr. Coutts's oldest friends and advisers, and her marriage was celebrated privately at St. Pancras Church, in the following month, the ceremony being performed by a Mr. Champneys. The union was publicly notified in the *Times* of the 2nd of March. She had retired from the stage at the time of their union. That, in spite of the recent death of the first Mrs. Coutts, his family did not disapprove of the new bride may be inferred from the fact that not very many months had passed by before Harriet Mellon, once the actress, and now the wife of the richest untitled commoner in the land, was presented at Court

by her own step-daughter, Lady Guildford. The Prince Regent and the other members of the Royal circle, it was observed, took especial notice of the new *débutante* at St. James's Palace.

During the seven years that she presided over Mr. Coutts's dinner-table and drawing-room at Stratton Street few hostesses excelled her in the highest qualities of tact, kindness, forethought, and courtesy. She seemed in a manner born to the situation. But all this ended at Mr. Coutts's death in 1822, which left her once more at her own disposal. Mrs. Coutts, both as the banker's wife and as his widow, paid frequent visits to Edinburgh; and the good people of our 'Northern Athens' were not slow in accepting invitations to her parties, and then abusing her. But even this did not chill her kindly feelings or set a limit to her invitations. Sir Walter Scott went out of his way to rebuke some of those who, after accepting her hospitality at Edinburgh, would give her the 'cold shoulder' at Abbotsford. She was a guest at that house in 1825, when the young Duke of St. Alban's was pressing his suit vigorously with the

amiable and wealthy relict; and it is certain that Sir Walter did his best to bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion. ‘If the Duke marries her,’ he writes, ‘he insures an immense fortune: and if she marries him, she has the front rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune: he seems good and gentle. I do not think she will abuse his softness *of disposition*—shall I say? *or of heart*.’

When she had risen by her second marriage to the highest point of her ambition, the unthinking world expected to see vulgar display and bad taste in her dress, her style of living, and her equipages; but in all this they were grievously disappointed; and her assumption of the strawberry leaves led to no alteration in externals. The coach of his Grace of St. Alban’s was in no way more dashing from the wealth which she had brought into the house of Beauclerk. These may be trifles to the eye and ear, but they bespoke the good sense of the Duchess.

At the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide in 1831, her Grace was seated with the other ladies of ducal rank on the front seat on the floor of the transept. Just before the anointing of the Queen a sealed packet was presented to her; the three Duchesses on one side of her, and the next Duchess on the other side then rose to hold the canopy over Her Majesty, leaving her Grace of St. Alban's seated and passed over. The incident made not the slightest impression upon her, nor did the colour come into her cheek at what many ladies would have looked on as an affront.

The Duchess, however, had her little weaknesses, not to say superstitions; and she was so afraid of ghosts that she always had a maid-servant to keep watch in her chamber at night. From her youth she cherished a belief that the dead visited the living in the shape of birds. On her death-bed she received her step-daughter, Lady Guildford, calmly and placidly remarked, 'I am so happy to-day, because your father's spirit is breathing upon me, as he promised; he has taken the shape of a little bird, singing at my window, just as he said he

would come back if he could.' In the hope that such a belief would be realised, she often threw out food to the birds, and opened the windows of her *boudoir* at Holly Lodge that they might come inside.

In spite of the grandeur and state of receptions in Stratton Street, it was in Holly Lodge, Highgate, the country spot where she had fixed her home as Miss Mellon, that she still especially delighted. There she had the sight of green trees and of flowers and the song of birds to cheer her; and to these she returned with a sense of relief when the pleasures of the London season fatigued and oppressed her. Here, in spite of her marriage, she gave a home for a few months to her mother, till that mother was called away by the hand of death, and afterwards to her unthrifty and reckless stepfather, whose later years were made happy by her care and her generosity, which gave him the possession of a cottage on the Thames and a comfortable annuity. To the relations of Mr. Coutts's former wife, who were in poor circumstances, she was equally, indeed, even more, liberal; for it was calculated that in the seven-

teen years after she became Mr. Coutts's widow, her donations to them amounted to several thousand pounds. Indeed, the sum total mentioned by Mrs. Wilson would scarcely be believed, even if the last '0' were struck off. And this is the woman whom some of those who had sought to hang upon the skirt-tails of the wealthy banker, maligned as unprincipled and dishonest both in her lifetime and after her death!

Sir Walter Scott was not the only literary celebrity whom the Duchess of St. Alban's reckoned in her list of friends. Southey and Wordsworth both visited her at her hotel at Ambleside, and Samuel Rogers was one of her most frequent guests at Highgate. She also entertained at Holly Lodge, both as Mrs. Coutts and as Duchess, the best society; and on one occasion at least four Royal Dukes sat down at her dinner-table. I say 'her' table advisedly; for Holly Lodge was not settled on her by Mr. Coutts or by the Duke of St. Alban's, but had been purchased by her out of her own earnings when she was plain Harriet Mellon. To that house, as I have said, she was much attached,

and its walks, its terraces, its shrubberies, and its internal arrangements all bespeak the taste of its first gentle mistress. She was particularly fond of the room in which Mr. Coutts had breathed his last, on account of its tender and sacred memories. ‘Let me die in the room in which Mr. Coutts died,’ was one of her last requests when she found herself near the end.

Mr. Coutts, at his decease in 1822, had left her in round figures some £1,800,000 : but this she regarded so far as a trust and not a gift, that she did not hand it over, as she had the right and power to do, and as most ladies in her place would have done, to the Duke of St. Alban’s and his relatives, the Beauclerks, who certainly were not rich for the ‘collaterals’ of a ducal house. On the contrary, she resolved that the money should go back to the descendants of him from whose hands it came to her; and, accordingly, when her will was read it was found that she had bequeathed it to one of the daughters of Mr. Coutts’s younger child, Lady Burdett, coupled with the instruction that she should take the additional name of the banker of the Strand. To her also she bequeathed

both Holly Lodge and the house in Stratton Street and whatever interest she owned in Coutts's bank. That lady is now Lady Burdett-Coutts, thanks partly to the kindness and goodness of the Duchess.

Of Harriet Mellon's early days the pleasantest record is perhaps her fine mezzotint portrait as Volante in 'The Honeymoon,' which is engraved as a frontispiece to her memoirs by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson. 'Well do we remember,' writes a well-known author, 'the exquisite archness and rich sunlight of her brilliant features, now, alas! extinguished in the dark tomb.' He speaks of her truth and justice in all her dealings; of her kindness and liberality to tradesmen and humble dependants; and of the generous impulses which she obeyed when she bestowed a part of her great wealth on those who needed it. Mrs. Wilson goes further still, and commends her piety, her charity, and her truth as highly as her wit. This life, it should here be stated, was written owing to the non-appearance of two biographies—the one distinctly hostile and offensive, and the other perhaps too partial and eulogistic, but thorough-

ly authentic—which were announced for publication shortly after her Grace's death, but neither of which actually appeared. It only remains to add that the duchess died at her house in Stratton Street, Piccadilly, on the 6th of August, 1837, and was buried at Redbourne, near Brigg, Lincolnshire, the seat of her second husband, the Duke of St. Alban's.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF LORD ELDON.

THE romantic story of the love-making, elopement, and marriage of 'Jack' Scott—as he was familiarly called (afterwards Lord Eldon)—with the pretty Tyneside lassie, Miss Bessie Surtees, of Newcastle, is one that has been told over and over again in many different shapes and forms; but it is one, nevertheless, which will bear re-telling once more. It was, no doubt, this marriage that proved the turning-point in Mr. Scott's life, and the means which ultimately led to his successful career as a lawyer.

The third and youngest son of a Mr. William Scott, a 'hoastman,' or coal-fitter, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and of Jane, his wife, daughter of

a Mr. Henry Atkinson, of that town, John Scott first saw the light on the 4th of June, 1751, which, being the birthday of his old master and kind friend, King George III., his majesty was wont to say, ‘Do not speak to me, Lord Eldon, till I have paid my respects to you on your birthday.’ The King is reported to have been somewhat in a fix when asked to give the royal assent to the bill for the better regulation of the marriage laws, seeing that the two principal subjects in the realm—the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Manners-Sutton) and Lord Chancellor Eldon—had both made what are called runaway matches.

John Scott was brother of another eminent and talented man, and one who held a high place in the legal world—Sir William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell. Young Scott received his early education at the grammar-school of his native town, and at the age of fifteen he was sent to the university of Oxford, where he soon discovered his talents and acquirements. He matriculated and was admitted a Commoner of University College, under the tuition of his brother William, then an eminent Scholar of that

society. It is asserted that Mr. Scott's original destination was the Church, and his prospects in that profession were sufficiently encouraging. He was already a Fellow of a college in high repute—had distinguished himself by the acquisition of a public prize, and was well-known to be a person of sound attainments and close application to study—when a circumstance occurred which at once destroyed every prospect of preferment from his college, and even rendered it doubtful by what means he was to procure a maintenance. This was Mr. Scott's marriage with Miss Elizabeth Surtees, as above mentioned.

There can be no question that he was ardently attached to the young lady, and that to her he resolved to unite himself in defiance certainly of the advice of his friends, and to all appearance of common prudence. The lady was the eldest daughter of Mr. Aubone Surtees, a wealthy banker, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the marriage took place at Blackshields, North Britain, on the 19th of November, 1772. It is needless to tell in detail how the comely Oxford scholar danced with the banker's daughter at the New-

castle assemblies; how his suit was at first disapproved by the girl's parents, for the Scotts were but well-to-do 'coal-fitters,' whereas Aubone Surtees, Esq., was a banker 'and a gentleman of honourable descent;' how, on the appearance of an aged and patrician suitor for Bessie's hand, papa and mamma told the amorous John Scott not to presume on their condescension, and would force Bessie to throw her lover over and become the lady of Sir William Blackett; how Bessie was faithful and John was urgent; how they had secret interviews on Tyneside and in London, meeting clandestinely on horseback and on foot, corresponding privately by letters and confidential messengers; how eventually the lovers, to the consternation of 'good society' in Newcastle, were made husband and wife. The window from which Bessie descended into her lover's arms is to this day pointed out to every visitor to Newcastle as he pauses before the old house in Sandhill, not five hundred yards from the great suspension bridge which spans the Tyne, —the house which was once the home of the wealthy banker, her father.

On the very morning John Scott set off to be married, his brother William accidentally called upon an old friend of his at the university, when the following dialogue occurred :

‘I suppose, Mr. ——,’ said William Scott, ‘that you have heard of this very foolish act of my very foolish brother?’

Mr. —— answered that he certainly had, and added, ‘But I hope that it will turn out better than you anticipate.’

‘Never, sir,’ replied Mr. Scott; ‘he is completely ruined. Nor can anything now save him from beggary. You do not know,’ he added, ‘how very unhappy this makes me, for I had good hopes of him till this last confounded step, which has destroyed all.’

John Scott had at that time a very narrow escape from becoming a grocer. Whilst he was stopping, after his marriage, for a few days at Newcastle, a very honest and wealthy inhabitant, a grocer, who had long known young Scott’s father, and been intimate with the family, called upon him, and, after saying that he feared old Mr. Surtees would never forgive his daughter or himself, and he was sure would

give him nothing, proposed, as he had himself no children, and, moreover, had a great regard for Mr. Scott, that he should join him in the business. Mr. Scott did not altogether decline the offer, but said that his final determination must depend upon a letter which he expected to receive the next day from Oxford, for that he had written to his brother, who was some six years his senior, and should be guided in his future plans by the answer he might receive. That answer was a very kind one, and determined the question that *he was not to be a grocer*. He returned immediately to Oxford.

After some deliberation, it was resolved that he should be called to the Bar, and, taking lodgings in the university, he applied himself so unremittingly to the study necessary for that profession, that great fears were entertained by his medical friend and adviser of his undermining his constitution—so much, indeed, was he alarmed that he thought it right to remonstrate with his patient, and to urge him to less mental exertion and fatigue. ‘It is no matter, Mr. ——,’ said Mr. Scott; ‘I must either do as I am now doing or starve.’

Mr. Scott was duly admitted a member of the Middle Temple in January, 1773. With the exception of 'keeping term,' he resided, however, with his charming young wife in or near Oxford—for some time in lodgings, afterwards at the Parsonage House at Woodeaton, and subsequently at the principal's lodgings in New Inn Hall, of which society he became vice-principal. His vacations were spent at the house of his friend, Mr. Lane, at Mill-end, near Henley-on-Thames. During this time, in order to increase his income, he took a part in the tuition of University College in conjunction with his brother and Mr. Fisher, afterwards Master of the Charterhouse. He also read lectures as the deputy of Sir Robert Chambers, the Vinerian Professor of Common Law. This was from 1774 to 1776; on the 9th of November of the latter year he was called to the Bar, and soon after quitted Oxford for the metropolis.

He gave his attention principally to conveying and the practice of the Courts of Equity; but, after some years of laborious study, his prospects were so discouraging, that he resolved to quit London and practise as a provincial

counsel in his native town. It was, however, ordained otherwise. In the spring of 1781, in consequence of the occupations of Mr. Cowper not permitting him to attend as leading counsel in the case of the Clitheroe Election Petition, for which he was retained, the solicitor for the petition resolved to entrust the conduct of the cause to Mr. Scott, who then lived in a small house in Carey Street. After he had retired to bed, he was awakened by the offer of the brief in the matter, which was to be argued the next morning before a committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Scott, after some deliberation, said, ‘It is at this short notice impossible for me to argue the case; but if you will be content with my stating the facts to the committee, and they will grant me a short indulgence, I will endeavour to make myself master of the law, and will do my best.’ With this condition the solicitor was satisfied.

Mr. Scott was ready before the morning with a knowledge of the facts, and appeared before the committee. Having stated his case at some length, and with great perspicuity, he explained the situation in which he was placed, and his

unavoidable inability to do any justice to the merits. ‘I hope,’ he added, ‘that I am not improperly trespassing, by venturing to solicit a few hours’ indulgence.’ It was instantly granted. The ability which he manifested was soon circulated through the profession, with the report that he had resolved to leave London. Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Wilson, two of the most eminent counsels, conjured him not to quit Westminster Hall. They assured him that his success was certain; and Mr. Wilson added that the want of money ought not to deter him, for the assistance of many was ready to be proffered, and that he had the small sum of five hundred pounds which he was desirous to invest on this certain security. This kind offer, which was made on Mr. Scott’s return from the committee-room to his house, he was not under the necessity to accept, as from that period all his wants were supplied, and more than supplied, by his own exertions. In due course, he became the leader on the northern circuit.

The following version of Lord Eldon’s successful start as a barrister is related by Mr. George Farren, the author of the ‘Handbook for

Judes ;' it is told from his lordship's own words :

‘A few months since I was sitting with the Earl, during an occasional illness which prevented him going downstairs, and, on my asking his opinion on the expediency of a young barrister's taking a circuit, he related to me some of the early incidents of his own professional course. The following he related with great satisfaction, and in nearly these terms: “Having gone several circuits without business, either in town or country, I had taken rooms at Newcastle with the intention of seeking practice as a local barrister, when, passing one day from a committee-room of the House of Commons into Westminster Hall, I was accosted by Mr. Mansfield, then a leader in the courts, who said, ‘Mr. Scott, I am told you are about to quit us in disgust. Let me advise you not to be too hasty. Try London for another year.’ I felt flattered by this advice, which was immediately after repeated by another leader, with whom I spoke in the Hall. In deference to their opinions, I gave up my own. In the course of the next year I had plenty of business ; but the great source of gratification to me was that I after-

wards, in character of Lord High Chancellor, made that same Mr. Mansfield Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.”’

Mr. Scott's rise in his profession was now a rapid one. His abilities were soon understood and appreciated by the great Lord Thurlow, who would have bestowed upon him a Mastership in Chancery, but that Mr. Scott declined it. In 1783, a patent of precedence was granted to him by Lord Loughborough, then First Commissioner of the Great Seal; and in the same year Mr. Scott was introduced into Parliament, upon Lord Weymouth's interest, as member for the borough of Weobly, which he continued to represent until 1796. In 1788, Mr. Scott was appointed Solicitor-General, and received the honour of knighthood. His progress towards the highest honours was certain, but gradual. In February, 1793, he was made Attorney-General, which office he held for six years. One of the most important cases in which he was called upon to act during that period was the trial of Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, and others, for high treason.

In 1796, Sir John Scott was elected as mem-

ber for Boroughbridge, as the colleague of Sir Francis Burdett. On the death of Sir James Eyre, he succeeded him as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and on the 18th of July, 1799, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Eldon, of Eldon, in the county of Durham. But this was only a foretaste of the honours which were in store for him; and, accordingly, in 1801, he took his seat on the Woolsack in the House of Peers as Lord High Chancellor of England. In the same year he was nominated High Steward of the University of Oxford by the Duke of Portland, then Chancellor of the University—a nomination which was ratified by the unanimous vote of Convocation, by which the degree of D.C.L., by diploma, was immediately after conferred upon him. In February, 1806, Lord Eldon resigned the Great Seal; but he was reappointed in April, 1807, from which date he continued in office until 1827, being altogether a period of nearly twenty-five years.

‘In personal appearance,’ observes the writer of an obituary notice of his lordship in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, ‘Lord Eldon was everything that might be expected in a supreme judge :

the deep thought betrayed in his furrowed brow, the huge eyebrows, overhanging eyes that seemed to regard more what was taking place within than around them—his sternness, dignity, and venerable age, all tended to inspire respect. His voice was very remarkable. It was so weak that to persons unaccustomed to hear him in his court he seemed rather to whisper than to speak ; but his utterance was extremely distinct, and his clear, soft, low tones were singularly forcible and impressive.’

With regard to his personal temperament, Lord Brougham said of him in the House of Commons in 1818, ‘A more kindly disposed judge to all the professional men who practise in his court never perhaps existed.’ Many are the anecdotes told of his lordship which go to prove this assertion. Among others, Mr. George Farren tells the following : It was at Encombe, and he (Lord Eldon) was dressed in his shooting-jacket and gaiters. ‘One day,’ said he, ‘as I was with my dog and gun on my grounds, dressed as you see me now, I heard two reports in an adjoining piece, and saw what appeared to be, as in fact they afterwards proved to be,

two gentlemen. I accosted them with, "Gentlemen, I apprehend you have not Lord Eldon's permission to shoot on his grounds," to which one of them replied, "Oh, permission is not necessary in our case." "May I venture to ask why, gentlemen?" said I. "Because we flushed our birds on other ground, and the *law* entitles us to follow our game anywhere; if you ask your master, Lord Eldon, he'll tell you that is *the law*;" whereupon I said, "I don't think it will be necessary to trouble him on that account, since, to tell you the truth, I am Lord Eldon myself." They instantly sought to apologise; but I added, "Come, gentlemen, our meeting has began in good humour, and so let it end, pursue your day's pleasure on my grounds, only next time don't be quite so positive in your *law*."'

His lordship lived to the good old age of eighty-six, dying at his house in Hamilton Place, on the 13th of January, 1838. Whatever the struggles of his early married life may have been, his home was rendered cheerful and happy by the pretty wife who, in spite of paternal threats and scoldings, had braved everything

for his sake, and had been rewarded by seeing him seated on the woolsack. He had in after life to regret her peculiarities, her stinginess, and her nervous repugnance to society; but he remained devoted in his attachment till the hand of death tore her from him on the 28th of June, 1831. She had borne him two sons and two daughters. ‘Poor Bessie!’ he said, in his old age, after she was dead; ‘if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make another for running away with his daughter, is to be good in his conduct towards her; and this, I think, I have been.’

THE
SHEPHERD EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

It is a generally accepted article of belief that there are few English families around whose members is thrown a brighter halo of romance than the Cliffords, ancient Barons of Skipton, and afterwards Earls of Cumberland. Bold, warlike, and restless, they were also the owners of the broadest lands of any house in the north, save possibly the Percies and the Dacres of Gillesland.

A greater contrast could not well be seen than that between John, Lord Clifford—‘the black-faced Clifford,’ as he was styled for his ferocity—who fell in the battle of Wakefield, and his son Henry, tenth Lord of the Honour of

Skipton. Adversity is one of the best schools for the growth and cultivation of the gentler virtues ; and the young noble, being compelled to pass the years of his youth in shade and obscurity, grew up to manhood at all events with a tender and susceptible heart.

At his father's death, in 1460, he was but six years old ; and four years later he had the mortification of seeing the castle, manor, and lordship of Skipton, which had been forfeited by his father's attainder, bestowed first on the Stanleys, and afterwards on Richard Duke of Gloucester, the latter of whom held them till his death on Bosworth Field.

In the meantime it became necessary to conceal from the ruling house the son and heir of one who had proved himself so formidable a foe. Banishment and imprisonment, if not death, would certainly have been the fate of the child if he had been discovered ; but, fortunately for him, he possessed in his mother's love and care a talisman which saved him from such danger. At the age of seven she clothed him in the habit of a shepherd's boy, and procured for him employment as such in the fields around Londes-

borough, where she took up her abode. In this sequestered spot, amid the Yorkshire wolds and hills, entrusted to the care of peasants whose wives had been servants in his father's halls, and therefore were familiar with him from his infancy, he carried out and acted out his destiny; and doubtless, a lord's son though he was, he submitted to his hard lot all the more readily from the conviction instilled into his ear by his excellent mother that the thread of his life hung on his perfect resignation to a state of poverty and obscurity.

Whilst thus occupied at Londesborough, on reaching his fourteenth year, occurred the death of his mother's father, the Lord Vesey; and this gave rise to an ill-natured report among the hangers-on of the court to the effect that her two sons were alive. Search was therefore made for them; but her answers, dictated by the tenderest instincts of maternity, lulled these rumours to sleep. But she could not have passed a very easy life; for though, on the death of her husband, she had sent the younger one away to the continent (where he died), yet she knew that there were many persons privy to the

secret that the shepherd-boy on the hills about Londesborough was her elder son, and the rightful lord of Skipton, and the head of the house of Clifford.

About this time his mother seems to have married, for her second husband, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, a knight of the county of Cumberland, and a man of high repute and integrity, who was equally anxious with his wife to screen her young son from danger till better days should dawn upon him. They, therefore, finding that there was danger of his eventually becoming known at Londesborough, removed him and some of his youthful playmates to Threlkeld, in Cumberland, on the Scottish border, where he grew up under the watchful eyes of his step-father's kindred.

Here, in the lowly disguise of a shepherd, this child of Nature, bred up in forests and in mountain fastnesses, and inured to the privations of a common labourer, passed twenty-five of the best years of his youth and early manhood—years which are usually regarded as the best and the fairest of our lives. Yet, though deprived of the honours and luxuries to which the

nobility of his house should have entitled him, he was more than compensated by higher and better gifts, for his heart was uncorrupted and his integrity unassailed. He possessed, we are told, a strong, natural understanding and an amiable and contemplative disposition. In one thing only was he unfortunate; for, under the apprehension that any show of learning might lead to the detection of his birth, his education was so entirely neglected that he could neither write nor read; and it was only after his restoration to the honours and possessions of his family that he was taught to write his name. He wanted not, however, the pleasures which health, activity, and conscious innocence could bestow; nor, if what I have now to bring forward be correct, did he want, during this long period of enforced concealment, those consolations which spring from the tenderest of all affections—from the interchange of faithful and enduring love.

There is reason indeed to believe that the exquisitely-pathetic ballad entitled ‘The Nut-brown Maid,’ printed by Bishop Percy in his ‘Reliques of Ancient Poetry,’ was founded on what really had occurred between this young

nobleman and the object of his attachment, during the latter part of his seclusion on the fells of Cumberland. The barony of Westmoreland was the inheritance of Henry, Lord Clifford; of one whom the circumstances of the time made a 'shepherd's boy;' who was obliged to put on various disguises to secure himself from dangers; and who, instead of giving festive treats in the halls and palaces of his ancestors, was forced to seek his own scanty portion in the mountain solitudes and woodland recesses. He then may be truly said to have been (as the ballad represents him) a 'banished man' and an 'outlaw.' For nearly thirty years he was obliged to forego the patrimony of his father, and in that period, if, as I surmise, he was the real hero of 'The Nut-brown Maid,' the adventure recorded in the poem took place.

The 'great lynage' of the lady, and her being a 'baron's childe,' agree perfectly with the descent of his first wife, Anne, daughter of Sir John St. John, of Bletsoe. This account of the origin of 'The Nut-brown Maid' carries with it a high degree of probability and verisimilitude. It accords remarkably not only with

the style, language, and orthography of the composition—which are those of the period immediately preceding the accession of Henry VII.—but it coincides throughout with the extraordinary circumstances which accompanied the youth and opening manhood of the persecuted nobleman; and in its *dénouement* it points with singular precision to what were in fact his prospects and expectations.

We may, in short, infer from the closing stanzas of the poem that the interview which it commemorates took place almost immediately after it was known to Lord Henry that the attainder of his house had been reversed, and before any intimation of such a change of fortune could have reached the ears of the object of his affections.

Interesting as the ballad of ‘The Nut-brown Maid’ must assuredly be, deemed merely as a work of fiction, yet it becomes incomparably more striking and affecting when it is discovered to have been built on the basis of reality, and a reality, too, of which the circumstances are, at the same time, in a high degree romantic and extraordinary.

It is highly probable that this fine old poem was written very shortly after the scene which it commemorates, and whilst the singularly interesting result of that scene was yet rife amongst the inhabitants of the adjacent district. It may therefore, without deviating perhaps much from the mark, be attributed to the year 1485, when Henry of Lancaster mounted the throne of these kingdoms. But who the minstrel was who has thus, in strains of exquisite feeling, so sweetly sung of female truth and constancy, has hitherto escaped all research. As he was certainly a stranger to Arnold in 1502, we may conclude him to have been some obscure and nameless bard of the north of England—

‘Some youth to fortune and to fame unknown,’

but one who evidently possessed not only great knowledge of the human heart, but skill to picture what he knew.

There is, indeed, so much fidelity to nature in this ballad, in accordance with the situation of the parties, as to afford strong internal evidence of its direct relation to the peculiar

circumstances and character of the Henry Lord Clifford who is the subject of the present paper.

We must recollect that this heir of the Cliffords, though from necessity deprived of the education due to his rank, was yet no stranger to the nobility of his birth—a consciousness which would almost inevitably give to his bearing and carriage a certain degree of self-confidence and elevation. We also know that he frequently, though secretly, enjoyed the society of his mother, Lady Margaret, and of his father-in-law, Sir Launcelot—an intercourse which, to those who had the opportunity of familiarly observing him, would insensibly give a polish to his manners that could not fail to be favourably contrasted with the rudeness and rusticity of those who were his daily companions or attendants. If to these features we add, what danger and the necessity of varied disguise and frequent change of place would certainly bring on, a habit of adventure and romantic expedient, and mingle them with what we know him to possess, an amiable disposition and a tender heart, we shall have before us a character of no common interest, and in a high

degree calculated to make an indelible impression on a bosom so susceptible, faithful, and affectionate as that of the 'Nut-brown Maid.'

The reversal of the fortunes of the House of Lancaster in the person of Henry VII. brought about a change in the fate and fortunes of the 'Shepherd Earl.' Almost immediately on the re-ascendancy of the House of Lancaster a petition for the restitution of the Clifford estates in the counties of Westmoreland and York, together with their rank and honours, was presented in the first year of Henry VII.; to which petition the king, in the same parliament, subscribed 'Soit fait come est desier.' The petition, in fact, was granted. Thus, in the thirty-second year of his age, after having led for twenty-five years the life of a shepherd and an outlaw, and latterly either in Cumberland or on the borders of Scotland, was Henry Lord Clifford restored to the wealth and dignities of his forefathers.

There is reason to conclude that it was in Westmoreland, from the vicinity of that county to the district in which he had usually wandered as a banished man, that he first assumed the

honours of his family. The Cliffords, indeed, possessed not less than four estates in Westmoreland, namely, Pendragon, Brough, Appleby, and Brougham ; and the last, lying towards the northern boundary of the county, must have been the first mansion on his patrimony which Lord Clifford would reach on his return from exile. It was, in fact, the most magnificent of all the four structures, as its remains yet testify ; and in the great hall, which occupied one of the stories of the massive Norman towers, did the friends and retainers of Lord Clifford assemble to celebrate his restoration. Hither also, there can be little doubt, as she survived the happy event six years, came his mother, Lady Clifford, and with her, in all probability, the venerable partner of her days, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld.

The scene of festivity which we may suppose to have taken place on this occasion has furnished to Wordsworth a pleasing opportunity for the exercise of his muse ; and the song of exultation which, for this purpose, he has put into the mouth of the family minstrel, is beautifully illustrative of the character and disposition of Lord Clifford, and of some of the incidents

which befel him during his sojourn in the wilds of Cumberland.

It will hereafter be found, however, that this shepherd-lord, though happily void of the ambition and ferocity of some of his ancestors, had not degenerated from the martial spirit of his race; and that, when a proper occasion called for its exertion, he was the first to rally round the standard of his king and country. In the meantime, he was what the preceding lines, in conformity with history and tradition, have represented him—humble, courteous, and kind, fond of retirement, and addicted to contemplative pursuits. Having visited, therefore, his Westmoreland estates, he passed into Yorkshire; and, on reaching Skipton, in Craven, he fixed upon the neighbouring forest of Barden as the place of his retreat. In this romantic tract, which from ancient time had formed part of the honour and fee of Skipton, there were six lodges for the accommodation of the keepers and the protection of the deer; and, in one of these, called Barden Tower, which he greatly improved and enlarged, adding to its other conveniences that of a chapel, did Lord Clifford

take up his residence, preferring it to the splendour and parade which almost necessarily awaited him in his larger houses. Here, with the object of his early choice, the beautiful and affectionate daughter of Sir John St. John, the heroine of the ballad of 'The Nut-brown Maid,' Lord Clifford found the happiness of which he was in search.

Though uneducated, and aware of his deficiencies—a consciousness which, at the period of his elevation, had for a time depressed his spirits—he possessed a vigour of mind and rectitude of principle which prevented him from becoming a prey to vicious or luxurious habits. If, in his shepherd state, no portion of scholastic learning had fallen to his share, he had imbibed what may assuredly be considered as some of Heaven's choicest gifts—an enthusiastic love of Nature, a taste for natural history and philosophy, and, above all, a spirit of sincere devotion. With acquisitions such as these, we can no longer be surprised that, despising the vanities of wealth and rank, he preferred the beautiful seclusion of Barden to the pomp and splendour of Skipton or of Brougham Castle, especially when we learn

that this retreat was in the immediate vicinity of Bolton Abbey, from an intercourse with the Canons of which place he hoped more effectually to prosecute both his religious and philosophical pursuits. He had, early in life, and whilst yet a shepherd's boy, owing to the total want of instruments for measuring the lapse of time, become a diligent observer of the heavenly bodies—a practice which had excited in him an ardent thirst for astronomical knowledge. As soon, therefore, as the means were in his power, he purchased the best apparatus which the science of the day could supply; and, converting the tower of Barden into an observatory, he there, in company with some of the Canons of Bolton—who are said to have been well acquainted with the astronomy of their age—spent no inconsiderable portion of his time.

This, however, was not the only resource in the fields of science to which the 'Shepherd Lord' could apply himself, for it would appear, from the Clifford MSS., which once belonged to the monks of Bolton Abbey, that he joined with some of the reverend brethren of that house in the study of chemistry, and even entered upon

the mysterious and visionary search after the ‘philosopher’s stone.’ These pursuits on the part of Henry Clifford almost of necessity threw around his person, in the minds of the inhabitants of Craven, an air of mystery and awe; and though he was too religious to lead his poorer neighbours to believe that he had any dealings with the black art and unhallowed powers, yet it was whispered at the fire-side of the cottages, and possibly of the convent also, that during his long period of concealment the young lord had been the especial favourite of a good fairy, who watched over his safety, and, in the lines of Wordsworth—

• Who loved the shepherd lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary;
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature’s hidden powers,
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and hollow bowers.
’Twas said that she all shapes could wear,
And oftentimes before him stood
Amid the trees of some thick wood
In semblance of a lady fair,
And taught him signs and showed him sights
In Craven’s dens, on Cumbria’s heights,
When under cloud of fear he lay
A shepherd clad in homely gray,
Nor left him at his later day.

And choice of studious friends had he
 Of Bolton's dear fraternity ;
 Who standing on the old church tower,
 In many a calm propitious hour
 Perused with him the starry sky ;
 Or in their cells with him did pry
 For other lore ; through strong desire
 Searching the earth with chemic fire.'

Yet, from his attachment to the arcana of science, it must not be supposed that Henry Clifford led the life of a hermit. Far from it. He was charitable and hospitable ; and, though in his Yorkshire home at Barden he did not maintain such state as would have been necessary at Brougham or at Skipton, yet we find two tuns of wine forwarded to him from Newcastle at his retreat in 1521, when nearly three hundred tenants were admitted on his 'bederoll.' Nor did he neglect from time to time to visit his various castles, keeping his Christmas sometimes in one and sometimes in another—a custom which, owing to the carelessness of his servants, brought on the destruction of his castle of Brough ; for it was burnt, if we may believe the topographer Whitaker, 'after a noble Christmas kept there by Henry, Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, in his latter days.'

At what time Lord Henry lost his first wife—the ‘Nut-brown Maid’—is not known; though he left by her a son. But ten or twelve years before his decease, in 1523, he married a second lady—Florence, daughter of Henry Pudsey, of Bolton, and widow of Sir Thomas Talbot, of Bashall.

Thus, in the bosom of domestic quiet and studious retirement, he passed the last thirty years of a long life, never travelling out of England, and seldom visiting its court or its capital, save when called to take his seat in Parliament, where he is said to have shown the good sense of an honest and patriotic nobleman, in spite of his want of early education. In the year 1513, however, when on the verge of sixty, he was roused from the peaceful tenor of his home by the sudden call of war, being honoured by his sovereign to command a part of the army sent to act against the Scotch in the expedition which found its end on the field of Flodden. The patriotism of the Shepherd Lord was not forgotten in the records of that day’s encounter, as is witnessed in the following lines:—

‘ From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
 From Linton to Long Addingham,
 And all that Craven coasts did till,
 They with the lusty Clifford came ;
 All Staincliffe Hundred went with him
 With striplings strong from Wharleydale.’

More fortunate than his brave ancestor Robert de Clifford, first Lord of Skipton, who perished in the fatal struggle at Bannockburn, Lord Henry lived several years to wear the laurels that he had won at Flodden. He returned home from that field, hoping to enjoy with increased zest the quiet retreats of Barden Forest and Bolton Abbey. But, as is often the case with men of wealth and rank, his station and connections often forced him into scenes which were foreign to his taste, and his peace of mind was sadly broken by the wild and extravagant conduct of his son by his first wife ; so that perhaps, ere he was called to his rest, he found that he had been quite as happy in his shepherd’s cot in youth, as he could be as a man in all his castles and manor-houses.

On April 23rd, 1523, this amiable and virtuous lord paid the debt of nature, having survived the battle of Flodden just ten years. He had

given directions in his will that he should be buried at Shap in Westmoreland, if he died in that part of England, or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire; and there is every reason to believe that a vault on the southern side of the choir of Bolton Abbey is the resting-place, not only of many other Lords of Skipton, but also of Henry Clifford, the 'Shepherd Lord.'

THE BUCCANEER EARL OF CUMBERLAND.

IN one of my previous papers on 'The Cliffords,'* I mentioned the Earls of Cumberland as a bold, warlike, and restless race. A good and typical specimen of them may be studied in the character of George, the third earl. A few brief particulars of his career and adventures may not, therefore, be unwelcome to my readers, for, in truth, as Southey justly remarks in his 'Naval History of England,'† 'among all the naval adventurers who distinguished themselves during Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was no one who took to the seas so much in the spirit of a northern sea-king as the earl.' And he

* See p. 144.

† Vol. iii, p. 1.

explains his meaning thus: ‘Some of his most noted cotemporaries were sailors by their vocation, some became so incidentally when called upon in the Queen’s service, and others pursued that course in the hope of repairing a broken fortune, or else of raising one; but it was this nobleman’s mere choice, which he followed to the great injury of his own ample estates, and to the neglect of all his private and domestic duties.’

This George Clifford, fourteenth Baron Clifford of Westmoreland, and sheriff of that county by inheritance, and in the same descent also thirteenth lord of the honour of Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire, and also Lord Vipont and Baron Vesey, was born in his father’s feudal castle of Brougham, near Penrith (in our own times the seat of Lord Brougham) on the 8th of August, 1558. From his father, thirteenth Baron Clifford and second Earl of Cumberland, he inherited a name which had figured with distinction in the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, on account of the fidelity of its holders to the cause of the Red Rose; and, almost in the lifetime of the subject

of this paper, Shakespeare added to it a still wider renown than genealogists and chroniclers could confer upon it. To this family also belonged 'the Fair Rosamond,' whose name is so mixed up with the royal palace at Woodstock and the abbey of Oseney near Oxford; to say nothing of the 'Shepherd Lord,' whose story lives enshrined in undying verse, and about whom I have said my say.

Even when he was a boy, George Clifford seems to have been the object of the ambitious hopes and schemes of his father, who treated for his future marriage with a daughter of Francis, second Earl of Bedford. But the father's early death broke off the negotiation for a time. He was sent as a youth to Battle Abbey, in order to be trained in the ways and manners of a 'scholar and a gentleman;' and, doubtless with the same view, he was sent both to Oxford and Cambridge to complete his education. This, however, was cut short by the Earl of Bedford, who, obtaining a grant of him in wardship from the Queen, married him to his own daughter, to whom his father had betrothed him in infancy. The marriage cere-

mony was performed at the church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, the fair bride being two years older than her youthful spouse.

As a young man he appears to have spent his time in jousts and tournaments, and to have so excelled in tilting that he was frequently employed by the 'Virgin Queen' as her champion. In this way he spent a good deal of his large patrimony; and it is probable that the Queen added little or nothing to it when she made him a Knight of the Garter, and appointed him one of the peers who sat in judgment on the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. In the course of his education it would seem that he showed a taste for mathematical studies, which are said not only to have inclined him to, but to have fitted him for, maritime employment.

His first adventure afloat was destined for the South Seas; but he did not embark on this expedition in person, having fitted out at his own cost a small flotilla of vessels, which he despatched under the command of one Robert Withrington, who, after having committed much havoc upon the coast of Brazil, returned home with apparently very little gain. The earl in

the following year (1587) set sail for Sluys, in hopes of assisting Roger Williams in the defence of that town against the Duke of Parma ; but it had surrendered before his arrival. He next took part in the defeat of the Armada, on board the *Bonaventure* ; and the Queen was so satisfied with his behaviour on the occasion that she gave him a commission to proceed the same year to the Spanish coast as general. One of the royal ships, the *Golden Lion*, was placed at his disposal for this expedition ; but the earl, nevertheless, victualled and furnished it at his own cost.

Although he met with little or no success in this expedition, better luck was in store for him ; for he shortly afterwards set sail again in one of the ships of the royal navy, called the *Victory*, and soon succeeded in capturing two French ships, which, belonging to the party of the League, were deemed fair prizes. The earl was not very scrupulous on such occasions, at all events so says the narrative. He afterwards fell in with eleven ships from Hamburg and the Baltic ; after a few shots, they sent their masters on board, showing their passports. These were

respected for themselves, but not for some property belonging to a Jew of Lisbon, which they confessed was on board, and which was valued at £4,500. This, it is needless to say, the earl ‘appropriated.’

Altogether the earl performed nine voyages by sea in his own person, and on his own account, most of them to the West Indies, ‘with great honour to himself and service to his Queen and his country.’ In 1589 he gained the strong town of Fayal, one of the most important of the Azores; and in his last voyage, in 1598, he succeeded in capturing the strong fort of Puerto Rico, a Spanish city which is described at that time as ‘less in circuit than Oxford, but very much bigger than all Portsmouth within the fortifications, and in sight much fairer.’

‘No other subject,’ writes Southey, ‘ever undertook so many expeditions at his own cost;’ and honest Fuller styles him ‘the best-born Englishman that ever hazarded himself in that kind.’ He adds, in his own quaint style, that the earl’s fleets ‘were bound for no other harbour than the port of Honour, though touching at

the port of Profit in passage thereunto.' But, though he obtained great credit for true honour and valour, yet there were some harsher ingredients in his character; and so, when the earl added to his paternal coat-of-arms 'three murdering chain-shots,' there were those who remarked that the 'canting' heraldry was never less misplaced.

It appears, however, that, in spite of all the money which he cleared by his buccaneering, he lost such large sums in the tilt-yard and in horse-racing as even to embarrass his splendid patrimony in the north, and to lead him to sell many of his broad acres; at all events, he is said in the 'History of Westmoreland' to have consumed more than any of his ancestors.

When King James travelled southward from Scotland to take possession of his new kingdom, the earl attended him in his progress at York with such an equipage of followers and retainers that he seemed to be rather a king than only Earl of Cumberland. Whilst he was at York, there arose a contest between him and the Lord President of the Northern Marches as to which should carry the sword of state before the king,

and upon due inquiry the honour was held to devolve upon the earl.

He died not very long afterwards, in the forty-eighth year of his age, in the Duchy House in the Savoy, London, and was buried at Skipton. The armour which he wore may still be seen in the castle of Appleby, in his native county. His two sons having died before him, he left an only daughter, to whom he bequeathed a fortune of £15,000, entailing his estates upon his brother, whom he probably thought better able in those days to hold them fast than a woman, however strong-minded she might be. And 'strong-minded' indeed she proved, for she contested this disposition of her father's property for years, but unsuccessfully; though, as a matter of fact, upon her uncle's death they reverted to her. 'She was one of the most high-minded and remarkable women of her age,' writes Southey, 'and seems to have been the last person in England by whom the old baronial dignity of the feudal times was supported; and in this instance all the good connected with that age was manifested without any of the evil.'

. . . She had the honour of erecting Spenser's monument.'

Dr. Whitaker, in his 'History of Craven,' observes that George, Earl of Cumberland, was a great but unamiable man. 'His story,' he continues, 'admirably illustrates the difference between greatness and contentment, between fame and virtue. If we trace him in the public history of his times, we see nothing but the accomplished courtier, the skilful navigator, the intrepid commander, the disinterested patriot. If we follow him into his family, we are instantly struck with the indifferent and unfaithful husband, the negligent and thoughtless parent. If we enter his muniment room we are surrounded by memorials of prodigality and debt, mortgages and sales, inquietude and approaching want. By the grant of the Norton's broad acres he set out with a larger estate than any of his ancestors; in little more than twenty years he made it one of the least. Fortunately for his family, a constitution originally vigorous gave way, at forty-seven, to hardships, anxiety, wounds, and probably licentiousness. His sepa-

ration from his virtuous lady was occasioned by a Court intrigue; and there are families in Craven who are said to derive their origin from the low amours of the third Earl of Cumberland.'

Whatever may have been the earl's moral character during his lifetime, it seems, at all events, to have been 'whitewashed' after his death by his daughter, the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, to whom is attributed the writing of the long inscription on the celebrated portrait of the earl in Skipton Castle. This inscription, after setting forth a biographical account of the earl, and a short narrative of his adventures and death, concludes as follows: 'This earl George was a man of many natural perfections, of a great wit and judgement, of a strong body and full of agility, of a noble mind, and not subject to pride or arrogance, a man generally beloved in this kingdome. He died of the bloody flux, caused, as was supposed, by the many wounds and distempers he receyved formerly in his sea viages. He died penitently, willingly, and christianly. His onely daughter and heire, the Lady Anne Clifford, and the

Countess hir mother, weare both present with him at his death.'

Fuller makes a casual remark that, 'while Clifford's tower is standing in York, that family will never be forgotten therein.' And there is, happily, no reason to believe that the tower is destined soon to fall. Mr. R. Davies, F.S.A., in his 'Walks through the City of York,' lately published, speaks of it as an object of pride with his fellow-citizens, as being 'the most graceful and picturesque of all the remains of mediæval architecture that our ancient city can boast.' It is true that it has had some narrow escapes from destruction; for on St. George's Day, 1684, its interior was consumed by fire; and earlier yet, in 1596, its demolition for the purpose of quarrying its stones was averted only by a remonstrance from the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city; and again, only about a quarter-of-a-century ago, it was feared that it would have to be removed in order to enlarge the county prison! It was probably first built, not as stated by Drake and other writers, by William the Conqueror, but in the reign of King John, or else early in that of Henry III.

It is to be feared, however, that the name of the Clifford family is now more likely to be remembered in the south than in the north of England; for their northern estates have mostly passed into the hands of the Cavendishes, the Tufcons, and the Lowthers; whilst the real head of the house of Clifford—Lord Clifford of Chudleigh—lives in quiet retirement in the neighbourhood of Exeter.

THE FALL OF THE GREAT HOUSE OF NORWICH.

SOME four centuries ago, under our later Plantagenet and earlier Tudor kings, the Norwiches, of Brampton, in Northamptonshire, owned many of the broad acres in that county, which now belong to Lord Spencer. They had probably come in the first instance from Norfolk, and, when they settled in their Midland home, they did not drop the name which marked their origin. They ranked high among the 'landed gentry' in that county of 'spires and squires,' and mated at different times with the Giffords, the Treshams, the Kirkhams of Fineshade, the Fermors, the Shuckbrughs, and the Savages, Earls of Rivers. Indeed, they enjoyed the

honours of the peerage in the reign of Edward III., when Sir John de Norwich, having seen much active service in the wars, both in Flanders and in Scotland, was summoned to Parliament as a baron of the realm, and received the king's permission to erect his manor-houses in Suffolk and Norfolk into 'crenellated' castles. It is possible and even probable that this Sir John Norwich was descended from one of the bold and unruly barons who rose in arms against King John, and who forced him to sign the Great Charter of English Liberties at Runnymede. Be this, however, as it may, those who are curious in such matters can see, if they will, the pedigree of the family set out at full length by Sir Bernard Burke in the volumes which he devotes to 'Extinct and Dormant Peerages and Baronetcies.'

I am not going to inflict upon my readers any long genealogical account of the Norwiches, or to draw out their pedigree *in extenso* here. But I will say that the family is traditionally descended from Ralph, Earl of the East Angles, who opposed the Conqueror in arms. Ralph's eldest son is called Roger Bigot, or Bigod, the

founder of Thetford monastery. A second son is called William Bigot, whose sons were Hugh, and Simon, surnamed 'De Norwich.' Hugh took part with Henry II. against Stephen, and had given to him in consequence the castle of Norwich, one of the finest Norman structures which remain in the kingdom. The sons of Hugh, Simon and Nicholas, and their descendants were called 'De Norwich.' One of these obtained by marriage the manor of Brampton and others in Northamptonshire. It is enough to say that Sir John Norwich, of Brampton Ash, in Northamptonshire, some sixth or seventh in descent from a Sir Simon de Norwich—who had founded the fortunes of his house by espousing Alice Christian, the heiress of large landed estates at Harborough, and at other places in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire,—was created a baronet by King Charles I. in 1641, on account of services which he had rendered to the royal cause in the early part of his struggles against the Parliamentarians. His son and successor, Sir Roger, represented the county of Northampton in Parliament under Charles II., but, 'not concurring in the measures

of the Court party,' he retired into private life, having married one of the Roman Catholic Fermors. It was his son by this lady who married a daughter of Thomas Savage, third Earl of Rivers, and with his grandson the baronetcy is said to have 'expired;' and the manor of Brampton Ash is now a part of the large estates of Lord Spencer, having come into that family from Sir Christopher Hatton, who bought it from the Dyves, to whom the Norwiches had alienated it.

Some quarter-of-a-century ago I happened accidentally to learn from a local correspondent that there was—it is possible that there may be still—in the workhouse at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, an elderly female pauper who was known among the inmates and in that little town as 'Lady Norwich.' On making further inquiries, I found that there were strong reasons for believing that she was quite justified in calling herself by that title; for it was known all over Northamptonshire that the two last baronets who had openly borne the title were scampish and profligate fellows, men who cared for nothing but their horses and dogs, their

cards and dice-boxes, and who had gained an evil notoriety by their dissipated habits and by their taste for gambling, and who, therefore, were not likely to care much for either the family register or the family reputation.

The rest of their story can be almost anticipated from what I have said thus far; but perhaps it may best be told in the words of my informant, a person in the middle rank of life, and fairly well educated for his position and age. He wrote a long letter, from which I take the following extract:—‘Mary Norwich (I beg her pardon, Lady Mary) says that her late husband told her that his own great-grandfather, Sir John or Sir William, lost the estate of Brampton through his passion for gambling; and that his son, Sir John, as long as he lived, received a pension of two guineas a week from the family who took possession of the estate. His eldest son, the father of my informant’s deceased husband,’ he continues, ‘became further reduced in his circumstances, and died in the poor-house at Kettering; but was always to the last a stickler for his title as heir of the family honours, which were all that he had to

bequeath to the late Mr. Samuel Norwich, her husband, who was the eldest son. This Samuel Norwich followed the trade of a carpenter and sawyer, and was married about the year 1813, at Kettering, to Mary Hollidge, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, then rector of the parish. She was his second wife, and had by him no family; but his first wife bore him five children: 1, John, now (1856) living at Leicester, who, however, is illegitimate, having been born some four months prior to his parents' marriage; 2, William, the present representative of the family; 3, another son who is doing well in America; 4, Harriet, now married and settled in Nottingham; and 5, Lydia, whose residence and fate in life are unknown. I forgot to state that the Sir John Norwich who died in the workhouse served for some years in the army, and I am told that the officers of his regiment allowed him to mess with them, and showed him other marks of respect. A paragraph relating to the fortunes, or rather to the misfortunes of the Norwiches lately went the round of the papers, and led the late Lord Spencer to send to Lady Norwich a few pounds as a Christmas present. The late

Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, whose estate and seat are at Bosworth Park, near Kettering, would occasionally visit the old lady and minister to her comfort with a liberal hand.'

I have heard nothing of late years from my then correspondent, who probably long ere this has left the neighbourhood of Kettering, and doubtless the old 'Lady' Norwich has gone the way of all flesh, though I have never seen her death recorded in the tell-tale columns of the *Times*. But I can parallel the story of the Norwiches by a fact within my own personal knowledge ; for, forty years ago, my own father employed on his estates at Boreham and Hatfield Peverel, near Chelmsford, a day-labourer named John Everard, whose person and whole bearing and manners betokened good blood in his veins. He was truly one of 'Nature's gentlemen.' My father used to tell me that he was a member of the once wealthy and important family of that name, whose heads were baronets of Great Waltham, in our own neighbourhood ; and that one of his ancestors had staked on the throw of the dice the fine estate of Langleys, in that parish, with its woods, gardens, and deer

park, and had lost them all. Such, alas! are the freaks of fortune; such the ‘ups and downs of life;’ such the ‘vicissitudes of families.’ Let, then, one and the same inscription be engraved on the tombs of both the Norwiches and the Everards,—*Voluit Fortuna jocari.*’

Since writing the above, I have received the following communication from a literary friend:

‘Northampton is my native county, and I looked with interest into what you say about “Lady” Norwich. The old woman *cannot* have been what she pretended. Sir William Norwich was unmarried in 1741, and in 1742 he died a bachelor. All that follows afterwards is, *me judice*, a string of “old wives’ fables.”’

I add my friend’s remarks for what they are worth, and no more. Like ‘doctors,’ I suppose, the writers of family histories are bound to ‘differ.’ The title could die, and yet Norwich still survive as a family name.

A ROMANCE OF THE HOUSE OF AUDLEY.

IF the reader refers to the title of Lord Audley, in Collins', or Sharpe's, or Burke's 'Peerage,' he will see that George, eleventh Baron Audley, was raised by James I. to the earldom of Castlehaven in Ireland. This nobleman had, by his marriage with the heiress of the Mervins, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire, a son named Mervin, twelfth Baron Audley, and second Earl of Castlehaven, who, unhappily, offended against the law so far that, being accused of sundry crimes, by virtue of a 'commission of oyer and terminer,' he was sentenced to death, and was executed on Tower Hill in 1631, when his title was forfeited to the Crown.

His son John, however, had sufficient influence to obtain a reversal of the attainder, and to obtain a new patent of the earldom of Castlehaven. The family were zealous Roman Catholics. During the civil wars in Ireland he held a command under the Duke of Ormonde, and ultimately was chosen general of the forces which were enrolled to serve against Oliver Cromwell and the Parliamentarians. He married a daughter of the noble house of Chandos, and his brother Mervin, who succeeded to his honours, was fortunate enough to secure in marriage one of the fair daughters of John, Earl of Shrewsbury. The fourth earl allied himself in marriage with one of the Arundells of Wardour—staunch Roman Catholics and Jacobites, like himself—by whom he had two daughters. About this lady I have a little story to tell, which I think will interest my readers. The story shall be told almost wholly in the words of her brother-in-law:

‘Lady Mary Touchet, a beautiful Englishwoman, made her first public appearance at a ball at Paris given by the Chevalier Charles Edward just before his expedition into Scotland

in the year 1745. The prince, attracted not only by her personal charms, but also by the fact that she was the sister to an English Catholic peer, took her as his partner in the dance; and before they parted he communicated to her whither he was going and the importance of his expedition I can easily conceive to what a pitch of enthusiasm a beautiful young Englishwoman, of the same religious principles with the prince, and so particularly honoured by him at that time, might be worked up, and what she might be led to say upon so trying an occasion; but, whatever it were, he instantly took his penknife from his pocket, ripped the star from his breast, and gave it her as a token of his particular regard; and I doubt not that she concluded such an external mark of his partiality, had he succeeded in his enterprise, was given as a prelude to the offer of a more precious jewel which had lain under the star within his bosom.

‘As that beautiful woman died at the age of twenty, the star fell into the lap of her sister, and as she soon after fell into mine as my wife, I became possessed of that inestimable badge of

distinction, together with a fine portrait of the prince, by Hussey. Being a Whig and a military man, I did not think it right to keep either of them in my possession, and a simple old Jacobite lady offered me a considerable sum of money for them; but having three nieces, whose father had lived in intimacy with the late Sir John Dolben, I presented both to them, and I believe that valuable relic of the departed Prince Charles is now in the possession of Mrs. Lloyd, my eldest niece, and wife to the present Dean of Norwich.'

Thus far writes Captain Thicknesse. He adds:

'Lady Mary Touchet was the first woman who appeared in England in a French dress, about the year 1748, which was then so particular, that she never went out at Bath, the place of her constant residence, without being followed by a crowd; for at that time the general dress of France was deemed so *outré* in this country that in most eyes it diminished the charms of both her face and person, to which she otherwise had the utmost claim. She danced on a Friday night ball, and died the Sunday

following. A lady, who assisted in laying her out, told me she could scarcely believe she was dead, for that she never saw so much beauty in life, and that she exceeded in symmetry even Titian's Venus. It should be added that at her death Lady Mary Touchet had scarcely completed her twentieth year.

AN ECCENTRIC BARONET.

IT is not given to every man to be so versatile or so enterprising as was the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, who, having distinguished himself for more than half-a-century in the literary, the dramatic, the musical, and the political world, and having been in turn editor, clergyman, duellist, volunteer officer, county magistrate, courtier, and baronet, closed his eyes in death at Cheltenham in the year 1824, in the ninety-ninth year of his age. Yet so it was with the somewhat eccentric character whose career I propose to set before readers in this chapter.

Henry Bate—for that was his original name—was born in 1726, at Chelmsford, in Essex, in the vicinity of which place his father was a

clergyman. He was educated probably at the local grammar-school, and sent in due course to Oxford, where I find that he took his Bachelor's degree from Magdalen Hall in 1746. On leaving college, he appears to have lived for a time in the fashionable world, his chief characteristics being a love of enterprise, which was the main-spring of his actions through life.

His father, for some few years previous to his death, had held the rectory of North Fambridge, near Chelmsford; and on his decease young Mr. Bate was nominated to the vacant living. The revenues of this small rectory, however, appear to have been too small to meet the requirements of the reverend gentleman and his family, and he accordingly decided upon directing his attention to such literary undertakings as might be productive of speedy profit; so, coming to London, and falling in with other men who shared in his Bohemian tastes and ways of life, he earned the first few guineas which he made by contributions to the then existing newspapers. In 1772 he helped in founding the *Morning Post*. The first number of that journal appeared on the 2nd of Novem-

ber of the above year, thirteen years before the establishment of the *Times*. Mr. Bate became one of the earliest editors of the *Post*, and, from the lively writing which it exhibited, it very soon obtained a circulation quite unprecedented. Troubles, however, arose; for he one day inserted an article which happened to give offence to a certain Captain Stoney, and, on his refusing to give up the writer's name, the aggrieved captain sent him a challenge, which he did not hesitate to accept. The parties adjoined to the Adelphi Tavern in the Strand, close by, and, having retired to a private room and ordered 'pistols for two,' proceeded to 'fight it out'; the firearms, however, proved a failure, and the combatants had recourse to swords, and, both being wounded, they were with difficulty separated. Shortly after this little episode, Mr. Bate quarrelled with the proprietors of the *Morning Post*; but he solved the Gordian knot by resigning his editorial seat, and, having withdrawn from all his other engagements in connection with the press, started the *Morning Herald*. This was in the year 1780. Of this paper he was for some years sole proprietor, and he supported his

venture with extraordinary success, through his wit and versatility of talents, and partly through the fact that he had gained access to the best circles of the literary and political world. So successful was this undertaking, that in a short space of time the circulation reached the then extraordinary number of four thousand copies daily.

Mr. Bate had already made the acquaintance of the Prince Regent, and was also on terms of the greatest intimacy with Garrick. One day dining with that celebrated actor at his lodgings in the Adelphi, he chanced to meet with the Rev. Mr. Townley, author of the farce of 'High Life below Stairs.' He soon after became Mr. Townley's curate at Hendon, and devoted the greater part of his leisure time to literature and authorship. To the 'Probationary Odes' and the 'Rolliad,' which at that time drew universal attention, he contributed largely; and he wrote entirely 'Vortigern and Rowena,' a satirical work, portraying, with admirable spirit and in the diction of Shakspeare, the characters of all the eminent personages of that day. This appeared at the time of Ireland's

forgeries. In the time of Garrick he produced the opera of 'The Rival Candidates' at Drury Lane Theatre, and afterwards 'The Blackamoor washed White,' which, in consequence of party spirit running so high at that period, caused a contest among the audience, with drawn swords, on the stage itself. He was also the author of the operas of 'The Flitch of Bacon' and 'The Woodman'; the former was written for the Haymarket Theatre for the purpose of introducing his friend Shield, as a composer, to the public. The rest of his dramatic works are 'The Travelers in Switzerland' and 'At Home,' a bagatelle produced about ten years before his death.

As a magistrate he was most active and vigilant. By his promptitude and personal courage he suppressed the riots at Ely at the time of the Corn Bill agitation, rushing into the room where the conspirators were in deliberation, and with the help of a few followers secured the ringleaders, notwithstanding the rioters were armed and fired at him. He received in consequence a handsome piece of plate, presented by the leading gentry of the county. He performed a variety of other acts

as a magistrate equally laudable, and was no less strict in the observance of his clerical duties.

Settling down in middle life as a country gentleman in a remote village at the eastern end of Essex, in the marshes between the Blackwater and the Crouch, he resolved at least not to drone away his time, or to leave no memory of his name behind him. He had become—not without very strong opposition on the part of the Bishop of London—the proprietor of the perpetual advowson of Bradwell-near-the-Sea, which he had himself created from a deserted marsh, taking large portions of the land from the sea, and expending an ample fortune in general improvements, such as forming sea-walls and erecting an observatory. He was at one period Rector of Kilcornan and Chancellor of the Diocese of Ferns, in Ireland; but, tired of the loneliness of the sister isle, and worn out by the want of society, he resigned his Irish preferments, and, returning to England, obtained the Rectory of Willingham, in Cambridgeshire, and eventually was made, by the influence of the Regent, one of the Prebendaries of Ely.

It was in the year 1784 that Mr. Bate, under the usual royal authority, took the name of Dudley, in addition to his former name, at the instance of a descendant of that family, to whom he was related. In a 'case' prepared by Mr. Dudley in 1802, relating to the purchase of the adowson of Bradwell, he states that upon his first visit to the spot, after the purchase had been completed, he found the church, parsonage, and premises gone to general decay, the churchyard fenceless, the glebe land, consisting of nearly three hundred acres, inundated, the tenant thereof broken, and, from the unhealthiness of the climate, no rector nor vicar residing within many miles of that peninsula, and no decent assistant to be procured for the discharge of the parish duties. Regardless of these appearances, he states that he immediately became resident curate; caused the church, with all its appendages, to be effectively repaired; and, by establishing a regular church service, increased, progressively, a long-neglected congregation. He also not only built a new dwelling-house and outbuildings necessary for the rectory, but

drained the land, and embanked a large addition from the sea (for which he received, at different times, from the Society of Arts two gold medals), thereby rescuing the place from a putrid swamp. He likewise most effectually suppressed, by his unwearied activity, an extensive system of smuggling, alike dangerous to the health and morals of the people, and injurious to the revenue. Upon these important works it is asserted that he made an expenditure of more than £28,000. The baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1812.

To Sir Henry Dudley the country is in a great measure indebted for one of its ornaments—Gainsborough. His patronage of this excellent painter in early life principally contributed to his subsequent success. His portrait, painted by Gainsborough, doubtless as a mark of gratitude, long hung in the parlour of his parsonage at Bradwell, and now is in the possession of Mr. John Oxley Parker, of Woodham Mortimer, Essex, whose father bought it at the sale of Sir Henry's effects. It was exhibited by Mr. Parker at South Kensington a few years

ago, and again at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885. Sir Henry was also the patron of De Lolme, who wrote the work upon the Constitution ; of Lavoisier, who established the present beautiful system of chemistry ; and indeed of almost every man of merit who needed and solicited his assistance. Mr. John Wilson Croker (so long secretary to the admiralty, and M.P.), on his outset in life, was perhaps under no small obligations to him. Besides being the intimate friend of Garrick, as mentioned above, Sir Henry was also on terms of intimacy with the Earl of Sandwich (who patronised Captain Cook) with the elder Colman, with Cumberland and Bonnel Thornton, and Mrs. Cowley, and was the associate of all the wits of his day. He first discovered the merits of Mrs. Siddons, who was then performing in a barn at Cheltenham, and mentioned her to Garrick, who commissioned him to engage her, leaving the question of salary to his discretion.

Sir Henry was, in fact, well acquainted with the private histories of most of the titled families in the three kingdoms ; and, indeed, his memory

was known to be so richly stored with authentic scandals, that he was more feared than loved among the upper ten thousand, who regarded him as somewhat of an interloper in their ranks. He was also, as a constant visitor at Carlton House on other than days of state, acquainted with most of the *personnel* of the Court of George III. and of the Prince Regent, with respect to whom he could unfold many a tale which would throw no scanty light on the by-ways of history. It is stated by the writer of an obituary notice of him, which appeared soon after his decease, that, ‘Having been formerly honoured by the society and the confidence of his present Majesty, even in matters of extreme delicacy, he had so full an opportunity of observing the most amiable private qualities of His Majesty, that he was ever through life most ardently attached to his person. He was equally devoted to him whether Whig or Tory were in power. This gave his politics an appearance of want of principle, when the vacillation to opposite parties was itself produced by principles more amiable than those which influence politicians generally.’

Sir Henry left no heir to inherit his baronetcy, which therefore became extinct only twelve short years after he received the patent of its creation.

THE STUARTS OF TO-DAY.

WHEN the young Chevalier and his brother, the Cardinal of York, had passed away from this world, the royal line of Stuarts had, apparently, come to an end, and the Jacobites and Non-jurors, feeling that they had no longer any *raison d'être*, resigned themselves to the inevitable, and gave in their allegiance, with more or less grace, to the reigning royal family of the Hanoverian line.

Some years ago, however, when the present generation was quite young, visitors to the reading-room of the British Museum were startled at seeing there day by day two gentlemen clad in the garb of foreigners, who might have been Charles I. and James II., risen from their

graves ; so exactly did they resemble in their features and general *contour* the portraits of those monarchs.

In the list of those possessing tickets of admission to the reading-room, these gentlemen, no doubt, figured originally as John Carter Hay Allan and Charles Manning Allan ; but by their personal friends they were addressed as the Chevaliers John Sobieski Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart, and they were held to be the grandsons of Prince Charles Edward.

His youthful bride, it was said, was not barren, as is usually supposed ; but gave birth to a son, whilst living with her husband at Sienna. In 1773, when obstinately clinging to his resolve, that he would leave no succession of ‘royal beggars,’ the prince commended his newly-born babe to a trusted friend, Carter Allan, Admiral of the White, who was then cruising off Sienna, and who undertook to bring up the royal babe, thus strangely ejected by his father, as his own younger son. The infant and his nurse were put on board the English man-of-war, and in the prince’s household the event was never disclosed.

Admiral Carter Allan's residence was in Devonshire Place, Marylebone. He was related to the Marchioness of Salisbury and the Marquis of Downshire; while he had a claim upon the title of Erroll, being descended from the old Hays, in the male line. The two boys made his house ring with childish mirth; the elder, John, when he grew up, became a captain in the British navy; the younger, Thomas, being at the time a lieutenant. This young man, when only nineteen years of age, was married, on October 2nd, 1792, at Goldaming, Surrey, to a Miss Katharine Matilda Manning, and he seems thereby to have offended his real, or adopted, father, for, while the admiral left a fortune to his elder son, he cut off Thomas with a legacy of only five hundred pounds.

Mrs. Thomas Hay Allan, in due time, presented her husband with two boys, named respectively John Carter Hay and Charles Manning. The marriage of the younger is thus recorded in *Blackwood* for November, 1822: 'At London, Charles Stuart, youngest son of Thomas Hay Allan, of Hay, to Anne, daughter of the late Right Honourable John Beresford, M.P.'

In the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, of October 26, 1845, may be read among the marriages, 'At the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy, London, the Chevalier John Sobieski Stuart, to Georgina, eldest daughter of Edward Kendall, Esq., of Cheltenham.'

Their reputed father lived to see both sons married, and died an admiral, in March, 1851.

Eschewing the sea, the brothers devoted themselves to literary pursuits and produced several works, the most remarkable amongst which is one entitled 'Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History, between 1746 and 1846.' This book, in three tales, narrates the birth, youth, and marriage of one and the self-same hero, who bears the Gaelic title of 'Solair Dhearg,' or Red Eagle. In his youth this individual is taken to Scotland, and there is rapturously received by an aged Highland chieftain, as the 'Bonny Prince Charlie,' for whom he fought at Preston and Culloden; but he falls into an agony of despair when reminded that these battles were fought half-a-century ago, and, therefore, he must be mistaken in the identity. In the third tale the hero contracts

a stolen marriage, which alienates his friends and destroys his prospects ; so there is little difficulty in perceiving that the joint authors were writing of their own father under a very transparent cloak.

Whether the unquestionable proofs of legitimacy, which they claimed to possess, were ever submitted to the inspection of their numerous friends, does not appear ; but their tale was certainly believed by many in the north, including the late Lord Lovat, who hospitably entertained them at Beaufort Castle, and lent them a house hard by as a residence. It was also accepted as true by many English men and women ; and by many, who, for a quarter-of-a-century, had almost daily met them in the great reading-room, where the occupant of the desk next to John Sobieski Stuart, a devoted Jacobite, and generally a late comer to the museum, used invariably to pass him with a nod, saying, ‘I will speak to you, old friend, when I have paid my homage to my King.’

The throneless sovereign passed away from earth nearly twenty years ago ; and the Chevalier Charles Edward Stuart must have

nearly reached his fourscore years when he died. The elder brother died childless; the other had one daughter, the Countess Marie Stuart, to whom the 'Tales of the Century' are dedicated by her father and uncle.

No one, in the wildest dream, could imagine there would ever be an actual restoration of the Stuart line; but this Chevalier's fellow-countrymen would receive with gratitude and deep interest the publication of the proofs of these gentlemen's legitimacy; and even should these be never forthcoming, it may, at least, be conceded that their story is possibly, if not probably, correct; since it would satisfactorily account for the Princess Louisa immediately leaving her husband, when, in order to carry out his own obstinate ideas, her husband had deprived her of the babe to which she had just given birth, without holding out any hope of it being ever restored to her arms.

I have heard it said that, being Roman Catholics, and therefore unable to enter the British army, both of the brothers became naturalised in France, and obtained commissions under the great Napoleon; and also that the

elder brother, acting as an aide-de-camp to the Emperor, helped him to effect his escape from the field of Waterloo, when he saw that all was lost. But, though I knew both of the brothers personally, I always felt a scruple at making any allusion to this part of their career, so I cannot certify to the fact above stated as positively true.

SIR JOHN DUDDLESTON, ALDER-
MAN, KNIGHT, AND BARONET.

WHEN the Roman Satirist tells us of the sudden rise or sudden fall of a public man, he ascribes either the one or the other to the 'freaks of fortune,' and sums up the event in the words, *voluit fortuna jocari*. A curious instance of such a double freak of fortune which occurred in the city of Bristol all but two centuries ago, is still vaguely remembered in local tradition, although the precise facts are forgotten.

Whilst the last of our Stuart sovereigns sat upon the throne, Bristol was the second city in the kingdom in point of wealth and commercial importance. Its very merchants were princes in the land, and lived like princes on the banks

of the Avon, or in and around College Green. Among their number was one John Duddleston, a worthy trader, a boddice-maker, and who doubtless every now and then did a quiet stroke of legitimate business in the purchase and re-sale of negroes. He was a solemn and demure gentleman, who had just passed middle life, and was thinking of retiring from business in the course of a few years. He used to appear daily on 'Change, like his London brethren. If he was not an alderman, at least he was a common councilman; and, being reputed rich, he was also highly respectable. In fact, he was generally respected by all his acquaintances.

One day Mr. John Duddleston remained talking to friends on 'Change after nearly all the merchants had gone home to the bosoms of their families, when two gentlemen of striking appearance, but evidently strangers, entered the building and looked around. The other merchants were shy, and said nothing; but John Duddleston, seeing their embarrassment, plucked up his courage, and resolved to go and speak to them, and see if they needed any information or attention. On drawing near, he

thought he had seen the face of one of them before, for he travelled abroad, even as far as London, and had seen Whitehall, St. James's Park, and Kensington Palace. So he made bold, and asked the stranger if he was not Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne. Having learned from the Prince's lips that his guess was correct, he said, 'I observed, sir, with much concern, that none of my worthy brethren here in Bristol have come forward to offer you hospitality, or to ask you or your friend to dine; but, if you will excuse all ceremony and come home with me, and bring your friend along with you, I can give you a good piece of beef and plum pudding, and some ale of my wife's own brewing.' What follows shall be told in the words of the authors of the 'Percy Anecdotes.'

'The Prince admired the loyalty of the man, and, though he had already ordered dinner at the "White Lion," he accompanied the boddice-maker home to his house. Duddleston called to his wife, who happened to be upstairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman

were come to dine with them. She immediately came down, with her clean blue apron, and was politely saluted by the Prince. In the course of the dinner the Prince invited his host to come up to town, and to bring his wife with him, at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction at court.

‘A few months afterwards John Duddleston set out for London on horseback, his wife riding on a pillion behind him. They found the Prince, and by him they were introduced to the Queen. Her Majesty received them most graciously, and invited them to an approaching dinner, informing them that they must have new clothes for the occasion. They were allowed to choose for themselves, when they both selected purple velvet, such as the Prince had on. The dresses were prepared, and they were formally introduced to the Queen herself as the most loyal persons in Bristol, and the only inhabitants of that city who had invited the Prince, her husband, to their house. After the entertainment was over, the Queen desired Duddleston to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and (to use Lady Duddleston’s own words) said to him,

“Ston’ up, Sir Jan!” He was then offered some money, or a place under Government, but he would not accept either, informing the Queen that he had five hundred pounds out at interest, and that he thought that the great number of people whom he saw about the court must be very expensive! The Queen made Lady Duddleston a present of the gold watch from her side, which her ladyship thought so great an ornament, that she never went to market afterwards without having it suspended over her blue apron.

Though he and his lady went back presently to Bristol, they were not forgotten at court, for in the following year Sir John was gratified by the arrival of a royal messenger, bringing down with him from London a patent of baronetcy, dated January 11th, 1691—2. The happiness of the worthy couple was now complete, this second honour being as unexpected as was the first.

‘But their happiness was destined to be short-lived. In the great storm of November, 1704, which did so much damage on our coasts and through the island, one of Duddleston’s ships

foundered at sea with twenty thousand pounds of his savings on board. He took his loss grievously to heart, and did not long survive it, his wife having gone a few months before him to her grave. Daughters he had none, and his only son had died soon after his title had been conferred upon him, leaving a child who succeeded to the baronetcy. Whether he was a "ne'er-do-well" or a spendthrift, or whether he was neglected or robbed by his guardians, it is not known, and probably never will be known; but in the reign of George I. he was living in Bristol in comparative poverty, and glad to maintain a roof over his head by discharging the duties of some inferior post in the Customs there. What became of him ultimately is unknown; but one story ran to the effect that, despairing of bettering his condition here, he had gone off to "the plantations," as the North American colonies were then styled, to seek his fortunes. Whether he left children behind him or not is also a mystery which has never been cleared up, and therefore the extinction of the title is only a matter of surmise. Who knows but that another "Arthur Orton"

may arise, and another story of the “foundering of the *Bella*” may be concocted, and another fat man pose before the British public at Westminster as a claimant for the baronetcy of Dudleston? The best reason for imagining that such a case is not likely to arise may perhaps be found in the fact that there never were broad acres attached to the title, and consequently that “the game would not be worth the candle.”’

A RIGHT NOBLE CAVENDISH.

IT has often been said that the ducal house of Gower has no brighter gem in its coronet than the fact of its having given birth to the author of the 'Confessio Amantis.' Almost the same may be said of the ducal house of Cavendish. It is not often that great philosophers are born in the wealthiest and noblest families: necessity is usually the mother not only of invention, but of inventions and of discoveries in the field of science; but there are exceptions to every rule, and such an exception may be claimed for the Cavendishes, who have produced two generations of men of science within the last century or so. The present Duke of Devonshire, it will be remembered, was second 'Wrangler' at Cam-

bridge in his day, and is devoted to all sorts of philosophical pursuits.

But the chief glory of the Cavendishes in the domain of science was Mr. Henry Cavendish, who died when this century was just ten years old. He was a son of Charles, the second son of William, second Duke of Bedford, and grandson of Lady Rachel Russell, widow of the martyred patriot, the friend of Algernon Sydney. He was born at Nice in the year 1731, spent a few years at a small school at Hackney, and, having studied at Cambridge, devoted the whole of his life to scientific investigations. He derived his taste for science chiefly from his father, who not only was in the habit of amusing himself with philosophical experiments, but was a good mathematician, and at the time of his death was senior member of the Royal Society. Mr. Henry Cavendish had at an early age exhibited an attachment to scientific pursuits, to which, indeed, he had resolved to dedicate his life, and to sacrifice every other object of ambition, at a time when he had but the prospect of a very moderate patrimony. It was only after he had passed his fortieth year that he came into the

possession of a large fortune, which was unexpectedly left him by an uncle. He was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1760, and very soon began to distinguish himself as one of the most active members of that learned body. It would be impossible here to attempt a detailed analysis of the papers with which he continued to enrich the transactions of the Royal Society for a period of nearly fifty years; suffice it to say, that they range over various departments of natural philosophy and chemistry, and are 'marked throughout by an accuracy, elegance, and often an originality of investigation, which make them models of scientific research and reasoning.' Indeed, as a philosopher, Mr. Cavendish is entitled to the highest rank. Not to mention his important contributions to the theory of electricity, some of his experiments and determinations in pneumatic chemistry may be fairly ranked among the most remarkable discoveries of the last century.

Prior to his time, pneumatic chemistry, of which he became so great a master, had hardly an existence. In 1760 he discovered the extreme levity of inflammable air, now known as

hydrogen gas—a discovery which led to balloon experiments and projects for aërial navigation; and later he ascertained that water resulted from the union of two gases. ‘What is there,’ writes the author of ‘The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,’ ‘more calculated to interest and astonish, even the unscientific mind, than his discovery of the composition of water, so long regarded by all as a perfectly simple element, if there was any such in nature? The manner, too, in which he made this discovery affords us a beautiful and instructive example of the right method of examining nature—of that cautious and scrutinising observation by which alone truth is to be detected.’

The accuracy and completeness of the experiments made by Mr. Cavendish were indeed remarkable. No less an authority than Sir Humphry Davy declared that ‘they were all of a finished nature, and though many of them were performed in the very infancy of chemical science, yet their accuracy and their beauty have remained unimpaired amidst the progress of discovery.’

But, with all his philosophy, Henry Cavendish

had his weaknesses. He liked to pose, or at all events he posed through life, as an eccentric of the first degree. ‘The man who weighed the world,’ wrote his kinsman, the late Duke of Devonshire, ‘buried his science and his wealth in solitude and insignificance at Clapham.’ It should be stated here that a century ago Clapham was a rural and retired village, inhabited not by titled personages, but by wealthy merchants and clerical philanthropists, whose society afterwards developod, under the auspices of Evangelical teaching, into what Macaulay styles ‘the Clapham sect.’

Here almost the whole of his house was converted to practical uses, all subservient to the tastes and studies of its master. The lower portion was turned to account as a series of workshops. The passages and the sitting-rooms were all covered with thermometers, barometers, and weather-gauges. In the hall was a registering thermometer, constructed by himself, which served as a sort of landmark to the house, and which, after his death, was treasured as a relic by the late Professor Brande. Only one or two small rooms on the first floor

were set apart for the purposes of daily life. The master wanted no more, as he entertained very few friends, and rarely saw visitors. ‘The upper rooms constituted an astronomical observatory. What is now the drawing-room was the laboratory. In an adjoining room, was placed a forge. The lawn was invaded by a wooden stage, from which access could be gained to a large tree, to the top of which Mr. Cavendish occasionally would ascend in the course of his astronomical, meteorological, electrical, or other researches. His library was of immense extent, and he fixed it at a short distance from the rest of his house, in order that he might not be disturbed by those who came to consult it. His own particular friends were allowed to borrow books; but neither they nor even Mr. Cavendish himself ever withdrew a book from its shelves, without giving a formal receipt or acknowledgment for it.’*

It is well-known that Cavendish passed a very secluded life in this quiet and select suburb, and that he was most reserved to strangers,

* See ‘Old and New London,’ by E. Walford, vol. vi.

whose presence he considered an intrusion, and a cause of interruption. Lord Brougham tells us that, to such an extent did he carry his solitary habits, he would never even see or allow himself to be seen by a female servant, and that he used to order his dinner daily by a note, which he left at a certain hour on the hall table, from which his housekeeper would take it and note her master's instructions as to the culinary arrangements, which, as became a true philosopher, were extremely simple. He kept up less correspondence than any other learned man with his fellow-workers in science; and his autograph letters are therefore extremely rare, and fetch good prices at sales whenever they turn up.

Not unnaturally Mr. Cavendish's extreme shyness and reserve were taken or mistaken by strangers for pride, though of pride in the ordinary sense of the word he had little in his composition. In Bruhn's 'Life of Humboldt' it is related that, whilst that great philosopher and *savant* was travelling in England in 1790, in company with George Forster, he obtained special permission to inspect and make use of

Mr. Cavendish's library at Clapham, but that he gained this privilege only on condition that he was on no account to presume to speak to or even to greet the shy and eccentric master of it in case he should meet him in one of the rooms. Humboldt tells this story in a letter to the Baron Bunsen, and adds, in a sly tone of sarcasm, 'I imagine that Cavendish little suspected at that day that it was I who was to be, upon his death, his successor in the Academy of Sciences.'

'Although experimental science was Mr. Cavendish's favourite pursuit, and that on his success in which his fame rests,' observes the author of 'The Pursuit of Knowledge,' already quoted, 'his stores of information upon other subjects were known to his friends to be various and extensive. Indeed, he spent his life, if any man ever did, in the "pursuit of knowledge," making it his only amusement as well as his only business. The simple and inexpensive habits of life which he had formed in his earlier years underwent no change on his coming into possession of his large fortune. He had accustomed himself from his youth to the utmost

regularity in all his movements ; and his practice in this respect, to his last days, nothing was ever sufficient to derange.' His 'inexpensive habits,' in fact, were apt at times to show themselves in a rather ludicrous manner ; and, owing to his frugal habits, he gradually became very wealthy—so wealthy, indeed, that he did not know what to do with his money, and really cared very little about it.

In respect of this feature in his character the following story is told by Lord Brougham :—

‘The bankers with whom he kept his account, finding that his balance had accumulated to upwards of £80,000, commissioned one of the partners to wait on him, and to ask him what he wished done with it. On reaching Clapham, and finding Mr. Cavendish’s house, he rang the bell, but had the greatest difficulty in obtaining admission. “You must wait,” said the servant, “till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know that you are here.” In about a quarter-of-an-hour the bell rang, and the fact of the banker’s arrival was duly communicated to the abstracted chemist. Mr. Cavendish, in great agitation, desired that the banker might

be shown up, and, as he entered the room, saluted him with a few words asking him the object of his visit. "Sir, I thought proper to wait on you, as we have in hand a very large balance of yours, and we wish for your orders respecting it."—"Oh, if it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me about money."—"It is not in the least trouble to us, sir; but we thought you might like some of it turned to account, and invested."—"Well, well; what do you want to do?"—"Perhaps you would like to have £40,000 invested?"—"Yes; do so, if you like; but don't come here to trouble me any more, or I will remove my balance."'

Mr. Cavendish had for many years a town house at the corner of Montague Place and Gower Street. Here, as at Clapham, but few visitors were admitted; and some of those who were fortunate enough to cross the threshold have reported that books and apparatus formed its chief furniture. For the former, however, Cavendish set apart a separate mansion in Dean Street, Soho. Here he collected a large and carefully-chosen library of works on science,

which he threw open to all engaged in research. Cavendish, it is asserted, lived comfortably, but made no display; and his few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare, and it was not very sumptuous. A Fellow of the Royal Society reports that, 'if anyone dined with Cavendish, he invariably gave them a leg of mutton and nothing else.' Another Fellow says that Cavendish seldom had company at his house; but on one occasion three or four scientific men were to dine with him, and when his housekeeper came to ask what was to be got for dinner, he said,

‘A leg of mutton!’

‘Sir, that will not be enough for five!’

‘Well, then, get two,’ was the reply.

Even in his last moments something of his love of watching and scrutinising the phenomena of Nature showed itself. He insisted upon being left to die alone, apparently that he might be able to observe the symptoms of approaching dissolution with the more undisturbed attention. Accordingly, when his servant, whom he had sent out of the room, returned sooner than he was desired, he immediately ordered him again

to retire; and when the man came back the second time, he found that his master had just breathed his last.

His fortune at the time of his death is said to have amounted to twelve hundred thousand pounds. He may well be described, therefore, to have been, as Monsieur Bist in the *Biographie Universale* quaintly expresses it, ‘the richest of all the learned of his time, as well as probably the most learned of all the rich.’

It is not often that a devoted servant of the Muses dies rich. But it was otherwise fated in the case of Cavendish, who left more than a million of money to be divided among his relatives; and this in spite of the fact that he never sought or cared for wealth. He inherited a fortune; he lived a bachelor, and most frugally; and therefore accumulated large sums, for which he had no use; indeed, his disregard of money was one of his chief eccentricities.

Sir Humphry Davy, in addition to an elegant eulogium passed on Mr. Cavendish soon after his death, has left amongst his papers the following still more graphic sketch of the philosopher:

‘Cavendish was a great man with extraordinary singularities. His voice was squeaky, his manner nervous; he was afraid of strangers, and seemed, when embarrassed, even to articulate with difficulty. He wore the costume of our grandfathers; was enormously rich, but made no use of his wealth. He gave me once some bits of platinum for my experiments, and came to see my results on the decomposition of the alkalis, and seemed to take an interest in them; but he encouraged no intimacy with anyone . . . He lived latterly the life of a solitary, came to the club dinner, and to the Royal Society, but received nobody at his own house. He was acute, sagacious, and profound, and, I think, the most accomplished British philosopher of his time.’

MATTHEW, LORD ROKEBY.

IN the year of grace 1883, there passed out of the roll of the living peerage of England a man who bore a title, and was also one of Nature's truest gentlemen, General Lord Rokeby. He was a G.C.B., and had seen good service in command of a brigade during the Russian war in the Crimea: and at the time of his death was not far from being at the top of the Army List. But one of the previous holders of the title was in his day even more a man of mark than the gallant officer ever pretended to be. His great uncle, Matthew Robinson, second Lord Rokeby, who died about the time of the general's birth, figured among the 'Eccentric Characters' of his day. A very few and slight departures from

the common type of existence will suffice in this age of studied uniformity to stamp a man eccentric, and, in case of his having ill-natured and covetous relatives, even a lunatic, however harmless his vagaries may be. There is little doubt that in this year of grace an effort would have been made to place Matthew Lord Rokeby under restraint, and to have his steps dogged by a keeper, if not to shut him up in Bethlehem Hospital.

And in what did his eccentricity consist? He bathed in the open air almost daily, winter and summer, and—he wore a beard. The fathers of many persons now living remember the day when it was sought to have a man declared a lunatic because he had invested a part of his fortune in the shares of a gas company. Mr. P. H. Muntz, within our own memory, was laughed at as a madman when, in 1840, he walked into the House of Commons wearing a beard on his chin. So there is no reason for wondering at the rash judgment passed on his Lordship of Rokeby a century ago.

Born in 1712, and brought up at Westminster and at Cambridge, the subject of this sketch had

an excellent education, and so successful were his studies, that he was chosen a Fellow of his college. That he inherited some talents may be inferred from the fact that he was a brother of the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the friend of Dr. Johnson and of the chimney-sweeps, the queen of the Blue-stockings Club, and one of the queens of society in her day. He was not born in the purple, or brought up to expect a coronet, for he was getting on well in years when, in 1771, the title of Lord Rokeby was conferred on his kinsman, the Archbishop of Armagh, with a special remainder in reversion to himself. No doubt he did not seek the coronet, and would have been glad to be without it, for he kept his Fellowship, travelled abroad, and then settled down as a bachelor to live a hermit life in a remote and unpicturesque district of Kent, in the neighbourhood of Hythe, on a small property which he called Mount Morris. He sat in Parliament for a short time as one of the members for Canterbury; but he liked neither the Tories nor the Whigs. He was for giving the widest freedom to every living being, and would vote for no restrictions

that could be avoided, whether in religion, in politics, or in trade. He hated war, and denounced the ministers and Court for going to war against France. In fact, at that time, when Pitt reigned in Downing Street, he must have been regarded as a Radical and a Socialist, or, if the word had then been coined, a 'Communist.' So far, indeed, did he carry his love of freedom, that he extended it to the brute creation; and horses, mares, bulls, cows, sheep, goats, and dogs all ran about his park at their own free will, with manes and tails undocked, and following their own devices.

Meantime their lord and master, who, possibly, had met with a disappointment in love in early life, rejoiced in the thought that, like Alexander Selkirk, he was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' He had no incumbrance in the shape of a wife or child, to compel him to fall in with the arbitrary laws and customs of society as then constituted, to dine at four, and go to bed regularly at ten, like good old George III. So he turned night into day, and was a-field in summer long before the sun was up, and walked about his grounds dressed like a farmer. When spied

by a stranger, he would turn aside into a plantation and avoid his gaze; but as he had many resources and plenty of books, and was fond of experiments in chemistry and in practical agriculture, he contrived to spend his time pleasantly and profitably, and, in spite of his shyness and reserve, he liked the society of intelligent friends and neighbours. Some few of the men of Kent, however, looked askance at him, and the ladies especially thought him a trifle ‘uncanny;’ but that was because he did not shave off that ‘hirsute appendage,’ which, in his time, was confined to billygoats. In the *Eccentric Mirror*, published in 1813, his portrait is given, and he is styled ‘the only peer, and perhaps the only gentleman, in Great Britain, who has been distinguished in modern times by a venerable and flowing beard.’

In the course of his early travels he had made acquaintance with the German baths, and had learned the value of cold water, whether externally or internally applied. In his grounds, therefore, he constructed a sort of summer-house, or alcove, as it was then usually called, in which there was a bath supplied by a spring

in the rear, and over which the glass was so placed as to catch and reflect the rays of the sun, and so raise the temperature of the water in winter. Here in the summer he would lie for an hour or two at a time, taking a siesta and a plunge alternately.

‘His manners,’ writes a gentleman who visited him at Mount Morris, ‘approached to a primitive simplicity, but, though perfectly polite, he seemed in everything to study singularity . . . He treated those around him with frankness and liberality. His own diet consisted chiefly of beef-tea; wine and spirits he held in abhorrence. He would eat and drink nothing imported from abroad, holding that the products of the British Isles were, or ought to be, sufficient for the wants of all its inhabitants. On this principle he would touch neither tea nor coffee, and for sugar he would substitute his own native honey. He abhorred the fireside, except in very severe weather, and delighted in living almost wholly in the open air. An arm-chair was his special aversion.’ The fame of this strange gentleman, as may be imagined, spread far and wide, and visitors from distant

parts would try all sorts of plans to get a sight of 'the old lord.' But he was not very easily 'interviewed.' Indeed, so seldom was he seen, late in life, beyond his own park gates, that, when he walked to a neighbouring town to give his vote, and stopped to lunch at the inn, the country people took him for 'a Turk or Mahomedan.'

One visitor from a distance is said to have found his way to Mount Morris without a introduction. Prince William Frederick (afterwards Duke of Gloucester), happening to be at Canterbury, wrote to him expressing a wish to pay his lordship a passing visit, and Lord Rokeby accordingly asked him to dine at Mount Morris. On that occasion he conformed to the usages of society, presided at a well-stored board, and displayed all the hospitality of an English gentleman. Three courses were served up, and the dinner was followed by 'dessert with excellent wines, including some fine Tokay, which had been in the house for half-a-century.'

His cold bath and his abstemious habits served Lord Rokeby to the end of his long life in the place of doctors, whom he thoroughly

detested. At all events it may be easily inferred that he enjoyed good health to the last when it is added that he died from no disease, but from a simple decay of Nature, at the age of nearly ninety, only a month before the end of last century.

‘JACK OF NEWBURY.’

AMONG the chief county families of West Berkshire a century or two ago were the Winchcombes of Bucklebury, baronets by creation of Charles II. soon after his Restoration. They were described as ‘of Bucklebury House,’ and for one or two generations were knights of the shire for ‘the royal county.’ The property of Bucklebury, with some five thousand acres, and nearly three thousand more in the county of Gloucester, still belong to their descendants in the female line, whose head is the present Mr. Winchcombe Howard Hartley.

The fortunes of the family were made originally by ‘John Winchcombe,’ a man known all through the western hundreds of Berkshire

as 'Jack of Newbury,' of whom tradition says that he was the wealthiest clothier in that part of England when Berkshire formed the headquarters of the cloth manufacture.

This John Winchcombe, though born of humble and even of poor parents, rose by a freak of fortune to become not only the wealthiest clothier in Berkshire, but the owner of a mansion, where he lived with all the splendour and magnificence of a prince. Having picked up such a hap-hazard education as a village school could afford, he was bound by his parents as apprentice to a rich manufacturer in his native town of Newbury. In this capacity he seems to have been a model of good conduct, and to have shown so much diligence and industry in his master's service as to have secured his good opinion, and that of his mistress also. As good luck would have it, the master died in middle life, leaving behind him a thriving business, and a widow somewhat under thirty years of age. Young and rich, and agreeable to boot, the widow had no lack of suitors, and among their number was 'the curate of Speenhamland, and a rich tanner, and an eminent taylor.' In

what the tailor's eminence consisted history is silent; but it appears that, however often these good people may have flocked as suitors to her house, the widow showed a decided preference for her apprentice, John Winchcombe.

The story goes that at the annual fair which is (or was) held at Newbury on St. Bartlemy's Day, the three candidates for the widow's hand met at her table, and each in turned pressed his suit. But the lady contented herself with telling them that she would give them each an answer on the following Thursday.

The widow and her apprentice made good use of the interval. During these few days a marriage licence and a wedding-ring were bought, and, before the church clock of Newbury had struck nine on that Thursday morning, the rector or vicar of the parish had given the nuptial blessing to the widow and her 'prentice, and had declared them man and wife.

Years rolled on, and the business prospered; valuable contracts were entered into, and such large sums of money were laid-by that John Winchcombe not only became a great man locally, but was able to prove of service to his

sovereign. When the Earl of Surrey marched to the north against the King of Scotland, who was then ravaging the borders of England, this eminent trader followed in his retinue, we are told by the manuscripts of a family chronicler, with a train of a hundred of his own serving-men, all clothed and armed at his own expense. 'Jack' is described as having marched north at the head of fifty tall men well-mounted, and fifty footmen with bow and pike, "as well armed and better clothed than any." Whether he reached the field of Flodden is doubtful, though the ballad of the 'Newberrie Archers' gives the particulars of the exploits of his men. The success which attended the army of England in that expedition is known to every reader of history; and we are told that Jack of Newbury displayed in it no little personal bravery.

After the war was at an end he returned to Newbury, and was able to decline with thanks the offer of knighthood made to him by his sovereign. He was a plain man, and not of patrician birth, and he knew that he would be out of place among the Stanleys and Talbots,

the Howards and De Veres. But he settled down quietly at Newbury, where he kept open house, and showed such great hospitality that his name came to be a by-word for it. On one occasion, indeed, he was honoured by a visit from royalty; for, on Henry's return from France, Jack had the honour of entertaining him at Newbury, which he did in splendid fashion.

He showed his munificence in another way, for he founded schools for the young, and a hospital for the old, besides restoring at his own cost the chief part of the parish church of Newbury. His crowning work, however, was his carrying to a successful issue the clothiers' petition, when, 'by reason of the wars, many merchant strangers were prohibited from coming to England, and also our merchants, in like sort, were forbidden to have dealings with France and the Low Countries,' so that the cloth trade had fallen very low. 'The deputation,' we are told, 'seemed at first likely to miscarry, for Wolsey, to whom they were referred, put the matter off from time to time, being of opinion' (as was not unlikely) 'that

Jack of Newbury, if well examined, would be found to be infected with somewhat of Luther's spirit.' Jack, in his turn, exasperated the haughty Cardinal by saying, 'If my Lord Chancellor's father had been no hastier in killing calves than he in dispatching of poor men's suits, I think he never would have won a mitre.' But the King took the matter up seriously, and the clothiers got their order 'that merchants should freely traffic one with another, and the proclamation thereof should be made as well on the other side of the sea as the land.' 'The Steel-yard merchants, being joyful thereof,' as we are told, 'made the clothiers a great banquet, after which each man departed home, carrying tidings of their good success, so that in a short space clothing was again very good, and poor men set to work as before.'

The house in which 'Jack' lived at Newbury was built of stone, with large mullioned windows. It remained in a tolerably complete state down to about a century and a half ago, when it was cut up into several tenements. It stood on the east side of the principal street of the town, and a portion of the site is now

occupied by a large hostelry, which is honoured with the sign of 'Jack of Newbury.' As may be expected of a man who had done so much good for his native town, 'his death was greatly lamented,' and a handsome stained glass window to perpetuate his fame, has lately been set up in the parish church.

The son of Jack of Newbury, another John Winchcombe, obtained from Henry VIII., at the Dissolution of Monasteries, a grant of the fair lands of Bucklebury, near Newbury, which was a religious house dependent on the great Abbey of Reading. His son, or grandson, Henry, who is described as being 'of Bucklebury,' was created a baronet in 1661, in reward of his own and his father's loyalty to the sovereign, and married a lady of the noble house of Howard, a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. His son and successor, another Henry, the second baronet, dying without issue male, early in the eighteenth century, the property passed to his daughter, the wife of the great Lord Bolingbroke, and from her to one of the Hartleys, whose descendants still hold it in possession.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LANSDOWNE.

It is not given to every noble house to be able to show a two-fold origin—the one source high up in the streams of ancient nobility, the other in the hard scientific labours of a successful tradesman. And yet this has been the foundation of the noble house of Lansdowne, which derives the lustre of heraldry and greatness from the Fitzmaurices, Lords of Kerry and Lixnaw, in Ireland, and that of useful achievements and benefits to the State from Sir William Petty, the distinguished writer on political economy, and one of the greatest scientists of the seventeenth century. Just as the waters of the Isis and the Thame are said, when joined together,

to make the silvery Thames, so the union in one of the Irish Fitzmaurices and the English Petties has brought to the fore a family that has played a distinguished part in the political history of modern England, and has given at least one prime minister to this country—the Earl of Shelburne.

If we refer to Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds, we shall find that the Fitzmaurices claim, in common with the FitzGerald of Leinster, a descent which may be more or less mythical, from Walter FitzOtho, who, accompanying the Conqueror to England, became seneschal or castellan of the Royal Castle of Windsor. It appears that his son Gerald, styled FitzWalter, obtained from Henry I. a grant of broad lands in Berkshire, and had three sons, from the eldest of whom the FitzGerald are sprung; while the second son, William, who held the Castle of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, accompanied Strongbow into Ireland, and took an active part in the reduction of that kingdom.

This chieftain's son, Raymond, assisted his father in this same pleasant work, and, marrying a sister of Earl Strongbow, was advanced

to the office of Constable of Leinster, with sundry grants of land in the county of Kerry, forfeited by M'Carthy, one of the native princes or kings of Cork.

It would seem that his son Maurice had a son Thomas, who, after the fashion of the time called himself Fitzmaurice, and became the first baron of Kerry. His wife was a daughter of Dermoid, or Dermod, King of Leinster, and his son sat in Parliament at Dublin in 1295, in right of his barony of Kerry. 'Burke' says that two years later he also attended a writ of summons under Edward I., and joined him, in one of his expeditions against Scotland, with a supply of horses and arms. His family seems to have been a tolerably warlike or quarrelsome race, for his grandson Maurice, fourth Lord of Kerry, killed with his own hand one of his brother chiefs in court before the judge of assize at Tralee, but had sufficient influence to escape the sentence of death, though his estates were seized and forfeited for a time.

The barony of Kerry had gone in the male line for some seventeen generations, when Thomas, the twenty-first baron, having given

his support to the House of Brunswick, obtained a step in the peerage in 1722, being created by George I. Viscount Clanmaurice and Earl of Kerry. It was this nobleman who fused into one the families of Fitzmaurice and Petty, by his marriage, in 1692, with the only daughter and heiress of Sir William Petty, who is described as Physician-General to the Army in Ireland, but of whose rise and public services it will be well to give here a more detailed account.

The son of a clothier in humble circumstances, this Sir William Petty was born at Romsey, in Hampshire, in the year 1623. He does not appear to have obtained much from his father to start him in life, beyond a good education, which he received at the grammar-school of his native town. When quite a boy, young Petty took great delight in spending his time among smiths, carpenters, and other artificers, so that by the time he had attained the age of twelve, he knew how to work at several trades. He made such great progress at school, that at fifteen he was master of the French, Latin, and Greek languages, and understood something of mathematics and physical science. On leaving

school he determined to improve himself by study at the University of Caen, in Normandy. Whilst there he contrived to support himself by carrying on a sort of pedlar's trade, with a 'little stock of merchandize' which he took out with him. He returned to England after completing his studies abroad, and, having obtained some employment in connection with the navy, he managed to save about sixty pounds before he was twenty years of age. He soon got tired of a sailor's life, however, for the captain beat him so unmercifully that he left the navy in disgust; and with the money which he had saved he repaired to the Continent to study medicine at the foreign universities, and accordingly attended the requisite classes successively at Leyden, Utrecht, and Paris. He appears, however, to have had rather a 'hard time of it' whilst living abroad, for during part of the time he was reduced to such poverty that he is said to have subsisted for two or three weeks entirely on walnuts. But again he began to trade in a small way, and, 'turning an honest penny,' returned to this country with money in his pocket, having in the meantime taken his de-

gree as a doctor of medicine, and held for a time the post of professor of anatomy.

It was at the expiration of about three years that he came back to England well qualified to commence practising as a physician. Having taken up his residence in this capacity at Oxford, he soon acquired for himself a distinguished reputation, and, young as he was, was appointed assistant professor of anatomy in the university. He afterwards settled in London, and, steadily applying himself to his profession, became a most successful physician. He had already become known in the scientific world by some mechanical inventions of considerable ingenuity; and he was one of the club of inquirers, who, about the year 1649, began to assemble weekly at Oxford, for the purpose of making philosophical investigations and experiments, and out of whose meetings eventually arose the present Royal Society. Indeed, Dr. Wallis, one of the members, in a letter, in which he has given an account of the association, tells us that their meetings were first held 'at Dr. Petty's lodgings, in an apothecary's house, because of the convenience of inspecting drugs, and the like, as

there was occasion.' Petty's reputation rose so rapidly, that, after having succeeded first to the professorship of anatomy in the University, and then to that of music in Gresham College, he was, in 1652, appointed Physician to the Forces in Ireland. This carried him over to that country, and eventually introduced him to a new career. In 1655 we find him appointed secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and three years afterwards a member of the House of Commons. He was, however, removed from his public employment by the Parliament which met after the death of the Protector Cromwell, and at the Restoration, which took place in the following year, he was made a commissioner of the Court of Claims, received the honour of knighthood, and soon after appointed Surveyor-General of Ireland. Sir William suffered greatly by the Great Fire of London; but by marriage and various speculations he recovered much of his losses, and spent the remainder of his life as industriously as the portion of it already passed away had been. He wrote numerous scientific works, and employed himself with the ingenious schemes and inventions with which his mind

was constantly teeming, together with the lucrative speculations in mining, the manufacture of iron, and various other great undertakings in which he was engaged. He became one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, to which institution he presented the model of a double-bottomed ship to sail against wind and tide. In his will, which is a curious document, singularly illustrative of his character, he writes, with a certain amount of self-pride, 'At the full age of fifteen, I had obtained the Latin, Greek, and French tongues,' and at twenty years of age 'had gotten up three-score pounds, with as much mathematics as any of my age was known to have had.'

Sir William Petty, after accumulating a large fortune, died at his residence in Piccadilly in the year 1687, full of honours, if not of years, and his remains were interred in the fine old Norman church of Romsey, where a plain slab, cut by an illiterate workman, with the inscription, 'Here layes Sir William Petty,' marks his final resting-place.

The grandson of Sir William Petty, the Hon. John Fitzmaurice, assumed the name of Petty

on inheriting the property of his maternal uncle, William Petty, Earl of Shelburne. In 1751 he was advanced to the Irish peerage with the title of Baron Dunkerran and Viscount Fitzmaurice, and shortly after promoted to the Earldom of Shelburne. His son William, the second earl, was a distinguished statesman in the reign of George III.; having held for some time the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he was appointed Prime Minister on the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and was subsequently advanced to the dignity of Marquis of Lansdowne.

Henry, the third Marquis of Lansdowne, was a man equal in public appreciation to his father, the ex-Premier. He is still well remembered, in the world of politics, as the Nestor of the Liberal party; in his declining years he was more than once offered the Premiership, which he refused to accept, not caring to burden himself with needless responsibilities. When only five-and-twenty years of age he succeeded William Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thirty years afterwards he again held high office under Lords Grey and Melbourne, as Lord President

of the Council, and was a member of Lord Palmerston's cabinet, but without holding office, much as the Duke of Wellington had done before him. His grandson, Henry Charles, the present Marquis of Lansdowne, and twenty-seventh Baron of Kerry, is Governor-General of Canada.

THE DUCAL HOUSE OF MONTROSE.

AMONGST the chiefs of border clans who figure most frequently in the poems of Sir Walter Scott, is 'The Graham,' or, as the name is spelt and pronounced north of the Tweed, the Græme. The Grahams are not Highlanders, but Lowlanders, and their name is as well known to the south of the Scottish border as to the north of it. They have been from early times a gallant and loyal race, and various members of that race have done good service to the crown of Scotland. They have won a long list of honours, including knighthoods without number, some five or six baronetcies, four Scottish baronies, one viscountcy, two earldoms, a marquissate, and a dukedom, to say nothing of an

English earldom and an English barony; and their head is hereditary sheriff of Dumbartonshire, in which county, on the fair banks of Loch Lomond, stands the princely residence of the Duke of Montrose, Buchanan Castle.

The clan would seem to have been settled at Dalkeith and at Abercorn from the days of King David I. The names of several Græmes appear as witnesses to charters and other grants in favour of the Monastery of Newbattle, in Jedburghshire, in the twelfth century; and early in the thirteenth century David Græme received a grant of broadlands near Montrose from William the Lion. Another Græme, Sir John, of Dundaff, joined the standard of Sir William Wallace, and fell at the battle of Falkirk in 1289. Three years later his brother, Sir David, a nominee of Baliol for the Scottish Crown, swore fealty to Edward III., and afterwards, when taken prisoner by that king, was released from captivity on condition of serving in the wars against France. His son, Sir Patrick Græme, of Kincardine, sat in the Parliament held at Scone in 1284, when Margaret, 'The Maiden of Norway,' was acknowledged heir to the Scottish throne.

He, too, swore fealty to Edward, but afterwards took up arms against his superior lord, and fell fighting against the English at Dunbar. This warrior's grandson, Sir David Graham, was one of those who signed the famous letter to the Pope in 1320, asserting the independence of Scotland and the firm resolve of its nobles not to become the vassals of the English crown.

A clan so resolute and brave, with its members for the most part so loyal to their king and country, could scarcely fail to be frequently mentioned in the history of those troublous times, during which the English were 'moving heaven and earth' to subjugate the hardy sons of Caledonia, under the pretence of strengthening both countries by their union under one crown. It may be said with truth that, next to the name of Bruce and Wallace, the name of Græme is most frequent in the annals of Scottish patriotism during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The name figures largely in Border poetry, and the brave Malcolm Græme is not quite unknown to readers of the 'Lady of the Lake.' On one occasion only do we read of the spirit of a Græme leading him

into an act of traitorous parricide : and then the motive was a blind desire for revenge, unpardonable indeed, but not unprecedented in the blood-stained annals of either Scotland or England. With this exception, it would seem as if the House of Montrose might well have borrowed the proud motto of the Paulets, *Aimez Loyauté*, and have borne it from first to last without fear of challenge.

Sir Walter Scott, in his ‘History of Scotland,’ records at much length, and with picturesque power, the assassination of King James I. (of that country) whilst keeping Christmas with his court at Perth, in 1436-7, by the hands of Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the Earl of Stratherne, in revenge for an injury done to him in respect of that earldom. By this act, for which he was executed, Sir Robert probably changed the whole course of Scottish history—how and in what direction it would be hard to say. Probably his act had, at all events, one distant effect, in that it hastened on the day of the Union.

‘It is certain,’ says Sir Bernard Burke in his ‘Peerage,’ ‘that no family of North Britain can

boast a greater antiquity than the *Grahams*.' He traces them up to Sir David Græme of Old Montrose, in Forfarshire—an estate obtained by his father, Sir David, of Kincardine, for the estate of Cardross, from Robert I.—a personage remarkable for his bravery and patriotism, and one of the Scottish barons employed to negotiate the ransom of King David II., when made prisoner in the battle of Durham in 1346; and Sir David's son, Sir Patrick, laird of Dundaff and Kincardine, was one of the hostages by whom the release of the King was eventually accomplished. His son Sir William married, as his second wife, the Lady Mary Stuart, second daughter of King Robert III. This Sir William's grandson, Patrick, being one of the lords of the regency during the minority of James II. (of Scotland), was made a peer of Parliament about 1445 by the title of Lord Graham; and again this nobleman's grandson, William, the third lord, who was raised to the earldom of Montrose in 1505, in reward of his gallantry at the battle of Sauchieburn (in which his royal master fell), was eventually slain at Flodden, fighting under the standard of James IV. The third earl—

though not actually a lawyer—was for six or seven years Chancellor of Scotland, and subsequently, in 1604, was made viceroy of that kingdom.

The fifth earl, the illustrious royalist commander, one of the few characters who figure in history as really and truly noble from first to last, was created Marquis of Montrose, and, having gained many brilliant victories over the forces of Argyle and the Army of the Covenant, being defeated at Philiphaugh by General Leslie, was carried a prisoner to Edinburgh, tried, found guilty of treason, and condemned to death, and executed before the Tolbooth with all possible indignity. The house in the Canongate from which the Covenanters gazed down on their victim as he was led to the scaffold is still shown to visitors. ‘His quartered remains,’ says Burke, ‘after being exposed, were interred under the gallows where he suffered; but, at the Restoration, Charles II. had them dug up again, and buried in state in the Cathedral of St. Giles’; at present, though the exact spot where he lies is known and pointed out by the guides, no monument or inscription records his tragic end.

James, the second marquis, was known as ‘the good Montrose’; and his grandson, another James, who became the fourth marquis in 1684, was raised to the ducal title in 1707. It is not a little singular that four dukes in succession should have held the title of Montrose between them only ten years short of two centuries.

Among the many distinguished persons whom the clan Græme has produced in modern times, I ought not to forget to mention the gallant Sir Thomas Graham, one of the heroes of the Peninsular campaigns under Wellington, who was rewarded for his military services with the title of Lord Lynedoch; and, to come to a more recent date, the late Sir James Graham, of Netherby, some time First Lord of the Admiralty, and a member of the cabinets of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HOUSE OF RADCLIFFE.

IN the chancel of the old parish church of Elstow, near Bedford—so famous for its associations with the childhood of John Bunyan*—stands a monument recording Sir Humphry Radcliffe of that place, and his wife, Dame Isabella Radcliffe. As the name of the latter is not even mentioned in the extinct peerage of Sir Bernard Burke, perhaps a short account of a little episode in the history of this worthy pair may not be without interest to my readers.

It is hardly needful to say more about the Radcliffes or Ratchliffes—for the word was spelt both ways indifferently when writing was rare and printing was almost unknown—than that

* See 'The Pilgrim at Home,' by E. Walford, 1886, p. 118.

they are of undoubted Saxon origin, and that they took their name from the village of Radcliffe, near Bury, in Lancashire. We read that one, Richard de Radcliffe, of Radcliffe Tower, seneschal and minister of the royal forests in the neighbourhood of Blackburn, accompanied Edward I. to Scotland, and received from that sovereign, towards the end of his reign, ‘a grant of free warren and free chase in all his demesne lands of Radcliffe.’ From him were descended a variety of noble houses—as the Radclyffes, Lords Fitzwalter, and Earls of Sussex; those of Foxdenton, and of Hitchin; and the unfortunate Earls of Derwentwater, who forfeited their Northumbrian castle of Dilston, as well as their lives, in the cause of the ‘young Chevalier,’ and the luckless house of the Stuarts.

One of his descendants, Sir John Radcliffe, was summoned to Parliament by Henry VII., in right of his mother, as Baron Fitzwalter; he was also steward of the Royal Household, and acted jointly with Jasper Tudor, Duke of Bedford, as High Steward of England at the coronation of Henry’s queen, Elizabeth Plantagenet. But

afterwards, being involved in the wild conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck, he was attainted, and lost his head on the scaffold at Calais.

His son, however, found so much favour with Henry VIII. that he was restored in blood, and, having held the command of the van of the army sent to France under the Earl of Surrey, he was created Viscount Fitzwalter and Earl of Sussex. He was a zealous supporter of the king in his quarrel with Wolsey and the Pope, and he found his reward in a life-patent of the office of Lord High Chamberlain, together with a grant of the noble abbey of Cleve, in Somerset, the ruins of which to the present day form one of the most beautiful features of the country near Minehead, and Watchet, and Dunster. He was thrice married, and on each occasion his wife was a noble dame ; his first choice being a daughter of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, his second a Stanley, and his third an Arundell of Lanherne. The earl desired that Humphrey, the youngest son of his first marriage, should marry a wealthy heiress of a county family ; but the son took a different view of the matter from that taken by his parents for him.

Very naturally and very pardonably he said that he preferred to choose for himself.

King Henry had announced his intention of being present at a tournament in the tilt-yard at Hampton, and great preparations had been made for the occasion. As the king rode along the way from London, the windows and the balconies about Kensington were all hung with coloured cloths and silks. Among the crowd of spectators in the balconies was a plain citizen of London, Edmund Harvey, along with his wife and their daughter Isabel. The ladies in the neighbouring windows thought the latter nice-looking, and even pretty; but no one 'knew who she could be,' as the old folks were but commonplace in appearance, and clearly had not been brought up in the regions of courts and cities. The father, as may be imagined, pointed out the nobles as they passed by with their trains and retinues; but Isabel had no ears for her father, and her eyes scanned each new arrival for the face of a youth whom she had met on a chance occasion, and who had professed an attachment to her, in spite of the fact that she was not the daughter of a courtier or a noble.

At length there rode along a body of knights, with their lances borne aloft and their colours flying in the wind; they were headed by the Earl of Sussex, who was attended by his son Humphrey, a fair and well-favoured youth, who looked little more than twenty years of age. Isabel, however, had no difficulty in recognising him and the black steed on which he sat, and which champed the bit and foamed beneath his rein.

The truth is that they had met before at another tourney, when Sir Humphrey had incurred the scorn and displeasure of some of the king's courtiers because of a slight civility and courtesy which he had shown to herself, her father, and her mother, whom none of the gallants knew by sight or by name, their names not having been entered by the Heralds on the rolls of the 'College of Arms.' Eagerly did Isabel lean over the balcony in the hope of catching his eye, and grateful did she feel for a sudden halt, which was occasioned by the pressure of the crowd.

The young knight, however, was too deeply engaged in thought to take notice of the gay

and smiling occupants of the balconies above his head, for he little imagined that Isabel Harvey would be among the company. But as they moved on a few steps he was roused from his reverie by a start of his horse, caused by the fall of a glove from one of the balconies. Gallantry prompted him to pick up the glove and to return it to its fair owner. Upon looking up, his eyes met those of the fair Isabel; and as he returned to her the glove on the point of his lance, and she bowed her thanks, he felt that she was not insensible to his regard for her. He quietly watched his opportunity to fall back from the gay procession as it moved along, and guided his horse down a narrow side lane, where he remained till the pageant had passed by. His object in so doing was to prevent his father, the earl, from noticing Isabel; for he well knew the haughtiness of his temper, and his zeal for the dignity of his order, and his inflexible ambition to ally his son to the heiress of some noble house or other.

Having emerged from his retreat, the young knight came again beneath the window, and, after bowing in a courtly manner, addressed the

father of Isabel, who was just about to leave the balcony. On their descending into the street, the young knight dismounted, and accompanied them back to the city, leading his horse, and entertaining them, as they passed along the Strand and through Fleet Street, by his lively and elegant conversation. On reaching their home near Cheapside, Edmund Harvey pressed the knight to join them at their meal, and he gladly closed with the invitation. So well indeed did he succeed in gaining the confidence of his newly-found friend, that ere they parted the knight confessed to him his love for the fair Isabel, and received her father's permission to ask her hand, if she had no objection.

The rest of this story may be easily imagined. On the morrow the knight accompanied them back into the country, and, representing himself to be only one of the gentlemen of the earl's retinue, he espoused the fair Isabel a few days afterwards in the priory church of Elstow. For many months—indeed, it may have been years—he did not disclose the full secret of his rank, nor did the fair Isabel know that she had a claim to be styled 'My Lady.' The secret,

however, oozed out at length ; and in due course of time their union was blessed by the birth of sons and daughters, the eldest of whom became one of the special favourites of Queen Elizabeth.

Immediately on the accession of 'her highness' she made Humphrey Radcliffe a knight, and gave him a post at court near her person, and took his eldest daughter, Mary, as her 'Mayden of Honour and Gentelwoman of the Privie Chamber'—a post which she filled 'honourably, virtuously, and faithfully for forty years,' as her monument tells us.

It was in the year 1566, on the 13th day of August, that Sir Humphrey Radcliffe died at Elstow, and he was buried a week later in the chancel, as stated above, by the side of his affectionate and faithful wife Isabel, and soon afterwards one of his sons erected to their memory the memorial already mentioned.

As for Mary Radcliffe, she suffered less than perhaps any other person about the Court from the whims and caprices of her royal mistress. Being possessed of great penetration and judgment, together with a high sense of honour and unshaken fidelity, she could not fail to command

the esteem even of 'the Maiden Queen.' Although remarkable for her personal beauty, she was inaccessible to the flatteries of the fops and gallants by whom Elizabeth was surrounded, and many a smart repartee and rebuff was received by the courtiers who tried to turn the head and the heart of Mary Radcliffe. On one occasion, indeed, writes Sir Nicholas Le Strange in an anecdote communicated by Lady Hobart, 'Mistress Radcliffe, an old courtier in Queen Elizabeth's time, told a lord whose conversation and discourse she did not like, that his wit was like a custard, having nothing good in it but the soppe, and, when that was eaten, you might throw away the rest.'*

Throughout the long period of her services at Court, Mistress Radcliffe bore a character unblemished by a spot of evil fame or reproach. She looked upon herself, she would say, as a New Year's gift, for it was on that day in 1561-2 that she was first presented by her father to the Queen's Majesty, and accepted by her; and never afterwards, to the end of her days, did she fail to give the Queen—who loved all sorts of

* See Harleian MSS., 6395.

presents, and did *not* think it 'more blessed to give than to receive'—some kind of annual remembrance of that eventful morning.

As she was still living to make her yearly present on the new year of 1600, Mistress Isabel Radcliffe might very justly be called an old courtier of the jealous Queen, who was not very firm in her friendships, or very scrupulous about discharging those who failed to please her. The actual date of her death is not recorded by 'the unlettered muse' of Elstow.

THE PROUD HOUSE OF PERCY.

OF all the names in the roll of the English peerage, there is none perhaps that holds a prouder position than that of Percy. For eight hundred years the race has been part of our English history; indeed, the fame of the noble family of Percy belongs not only to the annals of England, but also to the history of Europe. Descended from one of the Norman chieftains who 'came over' with William the Conqueror in 1066, the Percies derived their name from their principal place of residence in France. In Lower Normandy are three towns or villages of the name of Percy, the chief of which is situated near Villedieu; and it was from that little village that the founder of the line, William 'with the whiskers,' sallied forth to

follow the banner of Duke William the Norman. Since that time there has scarcely ever been a Percy absent from the chronicles or the battle-fields of England. During the first six hundred years of their history, so long as the original male branch flourished, they had a large share of all the dignities, glories, hardships, and troubles of the kingdom—fighting and marrying amongst the highest in the land, and winning great renown and much property by many troublous ways.

An account of the principal chieftains who accompanied the Conqueror is preserved in the Harleian Collection. The list begins with the name of ‘Dominus Percye, Magnus Constabularius;’ but whether he then enjoyed so high a title or not, it is certain that he and his posterity were from that time barons of this realm. When Algernon, tenth earl of Northumberland, was in his father’s lifetime called up by writ to the House of Peers, in 1628, and was required to set forth his claim to precedence, he produced decisive proof to show that he derived his barony from the reign of William I. And when Charles II. empowered Henry Earl of

Ogle (the son and heir of Henry Cavendish, second Duke of Newcastle) to assume the name and arms of Percy on his marriage with Elizabeth Lady Percy, only daughter and heiress of Joceline, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, by his licence, dated 6th of June, 1679, he acknowledges, under the royal signet and manual, ‘that most ancient and right noble family of Percie,’ to have been ‘Barons of this realme for above six hundred years last past.’

The first William, Lord de Percy, was distinguished among his contemporaries by the addition of *Als gernons*—which in English signifies ‘with the whiskers,’ as above mentioned,—whence his posterity have constantly from generation to generation assumed the name of *Algernon*.

It would be impossible, within the limits at my disposal, to recapitulate all the noble deeds and valorous achievements performed by the successive heads of the ‘proud’ house of Percy, or even to set forth at length the gradual growth of the family tree. From the first, it was a tree of vigorous habit, which drove its

root very deep into English soil, and flourished exceedingly. It is enough to state that Dugdale and the heralds generally delight to tell us that the family shield includes nine hundred armorial bearings, among which are several of the blood royal of England, besides the sovereign houses of France, Castile, and Scotland. 'The aspiring blood of Lancaster' ran in their veins, and Plantagenet and Valois swelled the stream.

The heirs male having failed after the third baron, a new stock seems to have been imported by an alliance with Josceline of Brabant, in the twelfth century. Henry de Percy, the third Lord Percy, of Alnwick, fought at the famous battle of Cressy. The first Earl of Northumberland by actual creation was his son, who was advanced to that dignity by Richard II. at his coronation. This is the restless, ambitious nobleman so familiar to the Shakesperian reader as the father of Harry Hotspur. Turning against King Richard, it was the Earl of Northumberland who helped Bolingbroke to the throne, and afterwards rebelled against him,

dying in battle against the King at Bramham Moor. His more famous son, the hero of Otterbourne and of Holmidon, by whose light

‘ Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts The glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves,’

fell at Shrewsbury, as every reader of Shakespeare knows.

The original Percies were all men of mark, and produced an extraordinary succession of hardy and robust characters, with a congenial indisposition to peaceful living. Very few of them died in their beds. They fought in the Crusades, in the French Wars, in the Wars of the Roses; figuring on all occasions as valiant soldiers, if of somewhat doubtful discretion. Several times they upset the Government, and bearded the reigning king, as one may see from Shakespeare, in whose historical plays Northumberland is a standing figure in the drama for the chief rebel of the period. The founder of the house died himself in the Holy Land in sight of Jerusalem, having adopted the cross in his old age. One of his sons signed Magna Charta, and guarded the realm against King John.

Down to 1670, when the direct male line of the Percies is considered to have terminated, they boasted of no less than nine barons by feudal tenure, four by royal summons, and eleven earls by creation in their genealogical tree.

The house of Percy, however, experienced a great reverse of fortune in the person of Henry, the ninth Earl of Northumberland. As readers of English history know, he was one of the lords assembled in council, who signed, at the palace of Whitehall, in March, 1603, the letter to Lord Eure and other commissioners for the treaty of Breame, signifying to them ‘That the Queen’ [Elizabeth] ‘departed this life on the 24th, and that King James of Scotland was become King of England, and received with universal acclamations, and consent of all persons, of whatsoever degree and quality.’ On the arrival of King James at Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire, the Earl of Northumberland was one of the great officers of state who met His Majesty, and he was present in council at the house of Sir Henry Cook when the king delivered the Great Seal to Sir Thomas Egerton. His

lordship attended on the king from thence to the Tower of London.

Shortly afterwards the earl was named in a commission, with others of the council, to 'put the laws in execution against all Jesuits, seminary priests, or other priests, made or ordained according to the order or rite of the Romish Church since the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth'; and in the same year (1604) he was one of the witnesses to the creation of the title of Duke of York in favour of the king's second son, Charles, Duke of Albany. About the same time he was made captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. In May, 1605, the earl was present at the christening of the Princess Mary at the Court in Greenwich, his lordship bearing the basin in which the royal infant was christened, while the Lady Arabella Percy and the Countess of Northumberland were godmothers.

'In the midst of these honours and distinctions which were shown to the Earl of Northumberland and his family,' writes Collins in his 'Peerage of England,' 'when he seemed to be in a state of prosperity beyond what any of

his progenitors had experienced for many generations, he suddenly experienced a fatal reverse, and was plunged in difficulties and troubles, which clouded the remaining part of his life. This was by the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot on the very evening before the 5th of November, 1605, when it was to have taken place. As one of the principal conspirators was Thomas Percy, a relation of the earl, and one of his principal officers, the earl became obnoxious to the Government, and suffered extremely, both in his person and fortune.' In the end the earl was apprehended, and, having been brought before the Star Chamber, was committed to the Tower during the king's pleasure, and very heavily fined.

Wilson, in his 'Life of James I.,' says that 'the Lady Lucy Percy, the earl's youngest daughter, of incomparable beauty (solemnised in the poems of the most exquisite wits of her time), married the Lord Haye (after Earl of Carlisle) against her father's will (who aimed at a higher extraction) during his imprisonment, which the old earl's stubborn spirit not brooking, would never give her anything; and Haye, whose affection

was above money (setting only a valuation upon his much-admired bride), strove to make himself meritorious, and prevailed so with the king for his father-in-law that he got his release. But the old earl would hardly be drawn to take a release from his hand; so that when he had liberty he restrained himself, and with importunity was wrought upon, by (such as knew the distemper of his body might best qualify those of his mind) persuading him, for some indisposition, to make a journey to Bath, which was one special motive to accept of his son-in-law's respects.

‘The stout old earl, when he was got loose, hearing that the great favourite Buckingham was drawn about with a coach and six horses (wondered at then as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride), thought if Buckingham had six, he might very well have eight in his coach, with which he rode through the City of London to Bath, to the vulgar talk and admiration; and, recovering his health there, he lived long after at Petworth.’

On his return from Bath, the stout old earl retired to his seat in Sussex, where he seems

to have spent the remainder of his days, being visited by most of the families of distinction, and rarely coming to town. Having reached the age of three-score years and ten, ‘he was gathered to his fathers, to the grief of all good men,’ and his remains were interred in the family vault at Petworth.

He was succeeded in the Earldom of Northumberland by his elder surviving son, Algernon; his younger son, Henry Percy, being subsequently created Lord Percy of Alnwick. Algernon Percy, the tenth Earl of Northumberland, played an important part in the affairs of state during the troublous times of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. His lordship was twice married; firstly, to Lady Anne Cecil, second daughter of William, second Earl of Salisbury, and, secondly, to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, second daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk. It was in consequence of this second marriage that Earl Algernon became possessed of Northumberland House in the Strand. The house had originally been built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, and called by him Northampton House; but, having no issue, he gave it

to his nephew, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, grandfather of Lady Elizabeth Howard, who conveyed it in marriage to the Earl of Northumberland, as above stated. The old mansion, after having stood for nearly three hundred years, was levelled with the ground in the autumn of 1874, in order to form a new thoroughfare from Charing Cross to the Thames Embankment, and the lion which crowned its central gateway was removed to Sion House, at Isleworth, the duke's other seat.

It was to this Earl Algernon that the safe keeping of the royal children was entrusted by the Parliament during the Civil War. In the spring of 1660, after General Monk had taken up his quarters at Whitehall, he was invited to Northumberland House, 'with the Earl of Manchester and other lords, and likewise with Holles, Sir William Waller, Lewis, and other eminent persons, who had trust and confidence in each other, and who were looked upon as the heads and governors of the moderate Presbyterian party.' And here (says Clarendon), 'in secret conference with them, some of those measures were concerted which led to the speedy restora-

tion of the monarchy.' The Earl of Northumberland continued to be regarded with a very high respect by the whole English nation.

The 'Household Book' of the noble family of the Percies contains some curious entries relating to the *menu* at Northumberland House about the middle of the seventeenth century. Here is one entry recording the fare served up at 'my Lord and Ladie's table': 'ij pecys of salt fische, vj pecys of salt fische, vj becormed herryng, iiij white herryng, or a dish of sproots (sprats).'

Earl Algernon died in 1668, and his son and successor, Josceline, was the last of the old male line. This Josceline, while he was Lord Percy, had been designed by his father to marry the Lady Audrey, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, as appears by a letter from the Earl of Northumberland, his father, to the Earl of Leicester, dated April 13, 1660. However, in the following November, the earl again writes: 'The death of my Lady Audrey did as nearly touch me as most accidents that could have happened; not for the conveniency of her fortune, nor the hopes of her bringing an heir to my family, as

soon as it had been fit for my son and her to have come together; but because I judged her to be of a nature, temper, and humour likely to have made an excellent wife, which would have brought me much comfort in the latter part of my life; but since our uncertain condition exposes us daily to these troubles, I shall endeavour with all patience to submit to them.' The death of the Lady Audrey, however, did not have the effect of putting a stop to the union of the two great houses of Northumberland and Southampton, for about two years afterwards Lord Percy married the Lady Elizabeth, sister of Lady Audrey.

Soon after his father's death, Earl Josceline and his young wife started on a tour on the Continent for the benefit of their health. The countess remained in Paris in charge of her physician, and the earl proceeded on to Italy. Having arrived at Turin, his lordship was seized with a fever, which ended fatally on the 21st of May, 1670, 'in the midst of the brightest hopes, which this promising young nobleman had excited in the breasts of all good men, that he would prove a shining ornament of his noble

house, and an honour and support to his country.'

In the person of this earl, as above stated, the principal male line of Percy became extinct. There were, however, living at the time persons who believed themselves to be of the blood, and possibly some of them were so ; but only one of them, James Percy, a trunk-maker in Dublin, whose descent was very dubious, prosecuted any claim to the honours of the family, and his claim was disallowed. This 'claimant' first of all asserted that he was descended from Sir Richard Percy, brother of the ninth Earl of Northumberland ; but when it was proved that he (Percy) died a bachelor, then he fixed upon Sir Ingram Percy, brother of the sixth earl, for his ancestor ; but it appeared from Sir Ingram's will that he had left only an illegitimate daughter. Notwithstanding that the trunk-maker's petition was dismissed by the House of Lords, he still persevered in his pretensions for nearly twenty years, till at length the Lords sentenced him to wear a paper in Westminster Hall declaring him 'a false and impudent pretender to the earldom of Northumberland.'

Josceline, the eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland of that line, left an only surviving daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy, who succeeded to the baronial honours of her ancestors, and was in her own right Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Bryan, and Latimer. Being so great an heiress, it is not surprising that she should soon have fallen into the meshes of matrimony. It is recorded of her that she was thrice married and twice a widow before she arrived at the age of sixteen! Her first husband, to whom she was married when only fourteen years of age, was Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle (son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle), who assumed the name of Percy. She was secondly married to Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleat, Wiltshire, who was assassinated in Pall Mall in February, 1681-2. According to Sir Bernard Burke, this marriage appears to have been only 'contracted,' and never completed. However, in May, 1682, the proud heiress again entered into the holy bonds of matrimony with Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who undertook to relinquish his here-

ditary name, and to call himself and his posterity by the name of Percy. Such was the determination to keep up the 'proud' and honoured name of Percy. Some time after, however, the duke was released from his obligation, and retained his name of Seymour. The Duke of Somerset had a son and heir, Algernon, who in 1749 was created Earl of Northumberland,* with remainder to his son-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson, who had married his only daughter and heiress, Lady Elizabeth Seymour.

Sir Hugh Smithson became Earl of Northumberland on the death of his father-in-law, when he took the name of Percy. In 1766 he was created Duke of Northumberland. From him descends the present representative of the family of Percy. His grace early distinguished himself by his love for the fine arts, and gave constant encouragement and employment to artists with his noble fortune in general; for besides the

* It was at Northumberland House, about this time, that Oliver Goldsmith, when waiting upon Lord Northumberland, mistook the earl's servant for the earl, and only discovered the error after the delivery of a neatly-ordered address, after which the poor author precipitately fled.

vast improvements which he made in his paternal seat at Stanwick in Yorkshire, he restored the three palaces which had been long associated with the name of Percy—namely, Sion House, Alnwick Castle, and Northumberland House.

‘The noble family of Northumberland,’ observes a writer in the *Builder*, ‘have always been famed for their hospitality and humanity. The name of Smithson has obtained fame and an adjectival form in the United States, where the munificence of an Englishman (who was an illegitimate son of one of the Dukes of Northumberland) has given that country the opportunity of raising a noble institution for the advancement and popularisation of science.’

Many amusing anecdotes and stories respecting the first Duke and Duchess of Northumberland of the present creation are to be met with in the gossiping pages of Horace Walpole, who, by the way, thought of kissing the duke’s hand when he came to see him at Strawberry Hill. In the Wilkes riots of 1678, the mob forced the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to illuminate, to appear at the windows at Charing Cross, and to give them beer.

The duchess was a great politician, and, according to Horace Walpole, ‘sat on the hustings’ at Westminster election; and in 1771 she espoused one side in the rival opera strife. A curious story is told with respect to her grace by Horace Walpole. In one of his amusing letters to Sir Horace Mann, dated May 7, 1775, he writes: ‘One of our number is dying, the Duchess of Northumberland. Her turtle will not be very impatient to get a new mate, as his patent does not enable him to beget Percies—a Master or Miss Smithson would sound like natural children.’ He adds in a foot-note that it had been arranged that George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, the husband of Lady Mary Montagu, one of the two co-heiresses of John Duke of Montagu, and Sir Hugh Smithson, Earl of Northumberland, husband of Lady Elizabeth Seymour, sole heiress of Algernon seventh Duke of Somerset, should be created dukes at the same time; but, as it was on account of the pretensions of their respective spouses, the king (George III.) would not entail the intended dukedoms on their children by other possible future wives. The Earl of Cardigan would not

accept the ducal coronet on any such condition ; the Earl of Northumberland did so, and was made a duke accordingly. Soon afterwards Lord Cardigan got a dukedom—that of Montagu—without the limitation.

THE STANLEYS AND THE BOTELERS.

It would seem that it is not only in Scotland and Ireland, but also in the northern counties of England, that the heads of great families three centuries ago lived like independent princes, taking the law into their own hands over their dependents, and waging open war against each other in the field. We are all familiar enough with the feuds between the Campbells, the Colquhouns, and the MacGregors, between the Kers and the Scotts, and even between rival branches of the house of Innes; all readers of the 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry' and of Sir Walter Scott are aware of the extent of the forays and cattle-lifting raids of the Percies, the Dacres, and the Howards of the Border marches;

and the stories which I have already told of 'Belted Will Howard,' and of 'The King of the Peak,'* will have prepared my readers to accept the following story of a certain Lancashire feud and tragedy as not improbable in itself, and certainly not unexampled nor unparalleled.

It appears from history that the Botelers, or Butlers, in the days of the last Plantagenets and of the earliest Tudors, held broad lands and a fine estate at Bewsey, near Warrington, in Lancashire. The head and chief of the family at that period was Sir John Boteler, who had probably won his spurs of knighthood by some deed of gallantry, or had them conferred upon him for services rendered to the court of Henry VI. Sir John married Anna Savile, daughter of Sir John Savile, a lady who, as the following story will show, possessed, at all events, a will of her own, and knew how to use it. The mother of this lady was Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas, first Lord Stanley, and consequently sister of Thomas, second Lord Stanley, who, in consideration of the eminent services he had rendered to his sovereign in

* See 'Stories of Great Families,' 2nd series, vol. i.

placing the crown of Richard upon the head of the victorious Richmond on Bosworth Field, was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Derby.

Now, it happened shortly afterwards that Lord Derby—whose family were then seated at Lathom House, in the neighbourhood of Ormskirk—was honoured with a visit from his royal master. Naturally, being anxious to entertain the king in a becoming manner, and at the same time perhaps to show the power and number of his friends and retainers, Lord Derby sent a message to all connected with him to the effect that he desired their attendance at Lathom House on a certain day, to do honour to his royal visitor, at the same time adding that he wished his guests to appear in his livery—a custom, by the way, which at that time inferred no menial degradation. When the missive containing the invitation reached Bewsey Hall, Lady Boteler, into whose hands it chanced to fall, was greatly enraged—probably through the tie of relationship which existed between them—and sent word back to his lordship that she considered Sir John Boteler, her lord and master, ‘quite as fit to entertain the King as any earl.’

This somewhat curt and not over-courteous reply appears to have stung Lord Derby to the quick, and his feelings found vent in sundry petty annoyances to her ladyship; the crime—if crime it was—admitting of no higher or more immediate revenge.

The lady's husband, however, was not slow to retaliate—probably on the principle that 'one good turn deserves another.' It may be mentioned that part of the income of Sir John Boteler was derived from certain tolls which were levied upon persons crossing the ferry over the Mersey, at Warrington. Now, it happened one day that Lord Derby was called away on urgent business to London, and, as the direct route thither from Lathom lay over the above-mentioned ferry, he made his way to the river with all speed; but great was his chagrin when he found that Sir John would not allow him to cross over. The earl was therefore compelled to go round by Manchester, thus travelling several miles out of his way. At this treatment, of course, his lordship was much enraged; and in order to prevent a repetition of the insult, and at the same time to punish Sir John,

by depriving him of his tolls, which brought to his exchequer on an average about one hundred marks per annum, he resolved upon building a bridge across the river, and making it free to all passengers. This proceeding, however, was looked upon by Sir John Boteler as an encroachment on his vested rights, the passage of the river, he maintained, being exclusively his own. As Sir John ruled that the traveller, whether he crossed the river by the ferry or by the bridge, should equally pay what was due to the ferry, Lord Derby applied to the king, who gave him authority for making the bridge free. So far his lordship gained the day; but the decision was naturally very distasteful to Sir John, and accordingly the enmity between the two continued as strong as ever.

For a time matters went on in a very unsatisfactory state between the rival houses of Lathom and Bewsey; and in the perpetual war of annoyance which was raged between the two, Lord Derby would appear to have got the worst of it, for he seems to have hit upon a mode of revenge which was altogether foreign to his usual character. His lordship made up

his mind that the only way of quieting his opponent was by taking his life. The murder, however, was not to be committed by the earl himself, but by two agents whom he would employ.

Sir Piers Legh, of the knightly family of the Leghs of Cheshire, and Sir William Savage, also a gentleman of some position and standing in that county, were employed to do the murderous business. Their first step towards carrying out their deadly project was to bribe the porter and a servant at Bewsey Hall; and in this it appears they had little or no difficulty, for the two domestics were soon bought over to act as confederates in the murder of their master. It was arranged that when the most favourable time for the execution of the deed had arrived these men should place a lighted taper in a certain window. At the appearance of this signal, Sir Piers Legh and Savage crossed the moat in a coracle—a small tub-like boat or canoe formed of hides stretched upon a framework—and were speedily but silently introduced into the bed-chamber of their victim. Their entrance into the chamber was at first opposed

by a faithful attendant who slept in an adjoining ante-room, but after a struggle he was killed, and Sir John was murdered in his bed.

But the sanguinary work of the night was not yet ended, for the murderers took away with them one of the treacherous servants, who had assisted them in carrying out their diabolical work, and hung him on a tree, in order that he might not turn king's evidence against them. It is not recorded what became of the other servant.

That the perpetrators of this barbarous deed were never brought to justice is indeed strange. Lady Boteler, it is asserted, instituted proceedings against them; but then, as now, it would appear that the law's delay was long and tedious; for the prosecution was not completed when she had taken a second husband, Lord Grey, who disallowed her suit; in consequence of which she separated herself from him and retired to Lancashire, where she lived and died in due course—a doubly disconsolate widow.

THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA.

WE have often heard of actresses and singers to whom peers have taken a fancy late in life, and whom they have raised from the stage of the theatre or the opera to a coronet and a carriage and four; but the reverse instances are few in number by comparison; for it is not often that noble and titled ladies have condescended to smile on young actors or public singers, and to bestow on them a hand and a heart, even if it be only a second-hand article. Still one or two examples of such freaks of fortune occur to me; and one of these I will relate in the present paper.

Somewhere about the year 1670 there happened to be a concourse of persons of quality at the new and fashionable watering-place of

Tunbridge Wells. The Pantiles, as its chief promenade was styled, and still is styled, was filled daily with a bevy of fair ladies in large hoops and tall head-dresses, and showing an equal proportion of maids, wives, and widows, of whom it may be reasonably supposed that the first and third sections were not so much bent on 'drinking the waters' as on angling therein for husbands.

Among this fashionable crowd, there was one young widow who attracted general attention by her engaging manners, and the piquancy of her wit, no less than by the beauty of her complexion. This was Letitia Isabella, Countess of Drogheda, a lady between five-and-twenty and thirty years old, who had been born of an aristocratic house, being the eldest daughter of John Robartes, Earl of Radnor, and had married Charles, second Earl of Drogheda, an Irish peer, who some ten years after his union with her had died, just at the convenient moment, leaving her his sorrowing 'relict,' and—what probably she valued still more—her own mistress.

At the same time there happened to be at the Wells a young beau of fashion, who had

already gained repute as a dramatist and man of letters, one William Wycherley, the story of whose life, briefly told, runs thus. The son of Mr. Daniel Wycherley, of Cleave, in Shropshire, he was born in or about the year 1640. His father, a gentleman enjoying an estate of £600 a year, sent the boy to France when he was at the age of fifteen, in order to complete his education. During his residence there Wycherley fell frequently into the society of the banished Royalists, and was persuaded by some of them to embrace the Roman Catholic faith.

After the Restoration Wycherley returned to England, and became a student of law at the Middle Temple. All lovers of the English stage are familiar with the name of Wycherley, as a man who united in himself the double character of a comic dramatist and a man of fashion in the time of the later Stuarts. From 1660 to 1669 or 1670, when he produced his first play, Wycherley attracted no little attention in fashionable circles; and his favour with Charles II., his intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland, under whose patronage he rapidly won his way up to a high position at Court, his introduction

to Buckingham, and his intimacy with Rochester, became the subject matter for conversational gossip.

His first play, 'Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park,' produced about 1669, was so far successful that the author was enabled to take rank as one of the leading wits of the day. Three other plays followed from his pen, and were equally fortunate; they are entitled: 'The Gentleman Dancing-master,' 'The Plain Dealer,' and 'The Country Wife;' their licentiousness, however, will prove a bar to their ever again becoming popular; but it was fashionable then to hold the social proprieties in contempt, and Wycherley was a man of fashion. The rapid course of dissipation which Wycherley began to run from the date of his introduction into fashionable life, broke down his health at an early age, so that he was obliged for some time to travel on the Continent, the expense of his tours being defrayed by Charles II., with whom he was a great favourite.

But how does this biography bear on the fate and fortune of Lady Drogheda? I will explain. There is an old song which says,

‘ A well-jointured widow may soon be a wife.’

And Lady Drogheda soon proved to be an instance in point. She met Wycherley at the Tunbridge waters: she ‘ came, she saw, and she conquered.’ And this was how it came about. The story has been told before, but I will repeat it.

On Wycherley’s return to England he one day went into a bookseller’s shop at Tunbridge accompanied by his friend, Mr. Fairbeard, when they heard a young and very beautiful lady inquiring of the bookseller for one of his (Wycherley’s) most fashionable and successful plays, called ‘ The Plain Dealer.’ ‘ Madam,’ said Mr. Fairbeard, pushing the author towards the lady, ‘ since you are for “ The Plain Dealer,” here he is for you.’ The introduction thus effected was followed by a few flattering compliments on the part of Wycherley, and initiated his acquaintance with the noble and wealthy Countess of Drogheda, to whom a short time afterwards she was married, much to the displeasure of Charles II., who considered it a *mésalliance* on the part of the lady.

Their married life was not, however, a happy

one, as his wife was of a very jealous temperament. Probably the lady had good cause for her jealousies; at all events, Dennis, a contemporary of Wycherley, and a dramatic and political writer and critic of considerable note, relates that their lodgings were in Bow Street, Covent Garden, opposite the 'Cock Tavern,' and that if at any time he entered that place of entertainment with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, so that she might see that there was no woman in the company. The result of all this jealousy on his wife's part led to Wycherley's appearances at Court being like angels' visits, few and far between; and this, in the end, gave umbrage in high quarters, and lost him the favour of Charles.

Their married life was not of long duration, for the Countess died shortly after their union, leaving him, however, all her fortune. Wycherley, whose habits were very extravagant, quickly squandered his wife's money in dissipation, assisted by the expenses of a law-suit consequent upon a dispute relative to her will. He was cast into prison for debt, where he lay seven years, when he was released by James II.,

who graciously granted him a pension of £200 per annum.

About the time of Wycherley's release from prison he succeeded to his patrimonial estate, but it was of little pecuniary advantage to him, as it was heavily mortgaged, and strictly entailed. Being on bad terms with his nephew, who was the next heir, and desiring to injure him, Wycherley married again (being then seventy-five years of age); and again the bride was a young and wealthy lady! In ten days after the ceremony he died; yet in this brief space of time, he had contrived clandestinely to dispose of a considerable part of the lady's fortune—probably in liquidating his old-standing debts. On his death-bed he gave his young wife this piece of advice: 'Not to take an old man for her second husband,' and that was almost the only legacy that he bequeathed to her. Whether she paid any regard to the precept is more than I am able to tell.

A TRAGEDY IN THE HOUSE OF MONTGOMERY.

THE Highland clans of Scotland, as a rule, have been almost as warlike and turbulent as the Irish; the Lowlanders, as every reader of Sir Walter Scott remembers, were not in the olden time remarkable for the mildness of their dispositions; and the chiefs of both the one and the other were not apt to endure provocation peaceably, but were rather ready to draw the sword upon one another, and to 'take the law into their own hands,' instead of carrying their personal grievances to Edinburgh, to be laid before and settled by the wise Lords Judges of Session.

The Montgomeries—whose name is almost as

well known in Ayrshire as that of the Campbells in Argyll and Perth—had held broad lands in the Lowlands from the day when their founder—a scion of the old Norman stock of the English and Welsh Montgomeries—married the fair heiress of the Eglintons, a niece of King Robert III. of Scotland.

The name of the Castle of Eglinton, or Eglintoun, the seat of their head, Lord Eglinton, was brought into public notice some forty years ago, by the revival, within its grounds, of a mediæval tournament, in which Lord Alford, Lord Waterford, Sir Charles Lamb, and Prince Louis Napoleon were among the combatants, whilst the late Duchess of Somerset, then Lady Seymour, presided over the lists as the ‘Queen of Beauty.’ The Montgomeries have taken their place from generation to generation at the council board of Scotland; and the third Lord Montgomery, and first Earl of Eglinton, was one of the Scottish peers who met at Stirling Castle in 1513 to arrange the coronation of James V. They mated, in successive generations, with the Maxwells, the Drummonds, the Edmonstones, the Boyds, and the Setons, and they fought at

Flodden, and also at Marston Moor, where we find a father and a son in opposite ranks.

In 1586, I find a record of Hugh, the fourth Earl of Eglinton, being assassinated, in consequence of a private feud, by the Lairds of Robertland and Aiked, or Aiket, and others of the name of Cunningham. With the details of this murder I am not acquainted, and it is not to this event that the title of the present paper refers. The 'tragedy' which I have to relate happened just two centuries later, when George III. had been nearly ten years upon the throne of England. It happened on this wise.

Alexander, the tenth Earl of Eglinton, seems to have been a Scottish laird who had very high and exalted notions of the prerogatives of birth, station, and fortune, and a very rigid enforcer of the Game Laws, which, whether right or wrong in the abstract, have certainly been the occasion of many crimes and deeds of violence on both sides of the Tweed. In the neighbouring town of Saltcoats there lived an exciseman, of good birth and fair education, named Mungo Campbell, who was as passionately fond of field sports as the earl himself, but

who could not indulge his tastes upon his own lands for the simple reason that he had not an acre of woods or of moorland to shoot over. Accordingly, if the truth must be told, he was in the habit of carrying a gun over part of his lordship's estates, which stretched half across the county. This trespassing and poaching propensity had made him anything but a favourite at Eglinton Castle, and the earl had often been heard to speak of him in tones of aversion and contempt. This dislike was reciprocated in full. Of course some 'good-natured friend' was found to make the 'bad blood' a little worse, or rather to fan into a flame the embers of mutual dislike—such 'good-natured' friends are seldom or never far to seek. One fine afternoon, in the month of October, 1769, Lord Eglinton went out pheasant-shooting in his coverts along with his friend and neighbour, Lord Kellie, followed by a retinue of servants and keepers with horses, dogs, and guns. They had not gone very far from the castle when they came upon two gentlemen, gun in hand, and accompanied by a brace of pointers or setters. One of the attendants having remarked

to Lord Eglinton that he was sure that one of the scamps in the distance was Mungo Campbell, I am afraid that on hearing his name Lord Eglinton was very much excited, and swore rather roundly and emphatically that he would make him pay dearly for his day's sport; so, mounting one of the led horses, he galloped after the trespassers. Approaching the excise-man, he accused him of having broken his word by again trespassing and shooting on the castle grounds although he had so lately been detected in killing a hare, and had been let off from punishment on a promise not to repeat the offence.

'I have not broken my word,' was Mungo Campbell's reply, 'for I have not fired off a gun to-day.'

Lord Eglinton, however, was not satisfied with this assurance, but demanded of him at once to give up his gun, and to be off without any more words.

'Deliver up my gun, indeed!' replied Campbell; 'I ask pardon for my trespass, for I know that I have no right to be here; but I certainly will not give up my gun to you or to any man alive!'

‘I must and will have it, sir,’ was Lord Eglinton’s reply, for he could not brook being thus ‘bearded’ in his own park, and almost in sight of his own castle windows.

‘I have been to —— on duty,’ was Campbell’s answer, ‘and it is very hard that I may not carry my gun with me when I go from home. If I have infringed your rights, my lord, you can punish me by the law of the land; but two wrongs do not make a right; and, earl though you be, I will never submit tamely to the indignity of being robbed of my fowling-piece.’

Lord Eglinton pressed on his horse as if he would ride over him; but the exciseman retreated backwards, keeping his face to the earl, pointing his gun at him at the same time, and warning him to keep his distance. The earl, however, would not give in. His pride was fairly roused, and he spurred or whipped his horse, charging at his opponent.

‘Keep off, my lord, or I shall be obliged to shoot you in self-defence.’

Lord Eglinton then dismounted, and asked his servant for a loaded gun, saying, ‘I can shoot, sir, as well as you.’

He then continued to advance as Campbell retreated ; and the latter again and again bade him to keep his hands off, for no man should take his gun from him, and that he would repel force by force. At this moment Campbell, in stepping backwards, fell to the ground ; and Lord Eglinton, thinking to seize the opportunity, made a wrench at the gun in the hands of his foe ; but he was forestalled in his movements, and received the contents of the exciseman's gun in his breast. He had met with his death-wound, and he expired before his attendants could do more than just lift him up.

It was too late now to recall the act, whether it was intended at the moment or purely accidental. The servants, however, seized Campbell before he could escape or even fly ; and flight would have been useless, for his face and his person were well known throughout half Ayrshire. He was bound and carried off to prison, to answer for his misdeed.

Early in the year 1770 he was arraigned before the Justiciary Court at Edinburgh, and, after a long trial, in which he sought to show that the deed was unpremeditated and done in

the heat of passion, and did not therefore amount to murder, but only to manslaughter at the most, he was found guilty on the capital charge and sentenced to be hung at the Tolbooth. In vain was it urged by his counsel that, over and above the right of every freeman to carry arms, Mr. Campbell was expressly authorised to carry them by licence from the Earls of Loudoun and Marchmont, and that, for this reason, Lord Eglinton was not acting within his right when he endeavoured to seize and deprive him of his gun, and that, in the present instance, his lordship had no right to do more than to prosecute him for a trespass. At that time a private person, or a common exciseman like Mungo Campbell, or his near neighbour and acquaintance Robert Burns, had but little chance of even-handed justice in a Scottish law-court, where the greatest indulgence was shown to the rich feudal lords, the sole owners of the soil, whose forefathers had owned and had exercised the right of life and death over their clansmen.

The sentence, as a matter of fact, was never carried out; by no fault, however, of the law or the lawyers; for a day or two before that

appointed for the execution poor Mungo Campbell managed to forestall the hangman's rope by suicide. Various opinions, however, were entertained as to the correctness of the finding of the jury, which produced a pamphlet of the celebrated Dr. Langhorne protesting against its correctness, and against the legality of the capital sentence. For the most part, whilst members of the landed classes and the 'great families' to the north of the Tweed applauded the sentence of the court, there can be no doubt that this tragedy helped to open the eyes of the more enlightened legislators to the Draconian severity of the Caledonian laws, and in the end to bring about a mitigation of their severity analogous to that which was wrought in the English law by the exertions of Sir Samuel Romilly and other philanthropists. Happily, in our day a man who caused the death of another in a struggle for life, and in defence of his personal rights, real or imagined, would be in no danger of suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

It only remains to add that the earl who met with this tragic fate was not actually an ances-

tor, but only a kinsman of the late popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the reviver of the 'Tournament' above-mentioned. He had no child, and the brother who succeeded him in the earldom left only a daughter, from whom the present house of Eglinton is descended.

THE HON. MRS. DAMER.

THOUGH many ladies, from Angelica Kauffman and Maria Cosway downwards, have been distinguished by their pencil, and still more by their pen, yet few have made themselves a name by the chisel of the statuary and sculptor. One great exception, however, must be made to this rule in the person of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the author of the colossal marble bust of Lord Nelson, for which that hero sat to her on his return to England after the battle of the Nile, and which she presented to the City of London, to be placed in the Guildhall, where it still stands.

Anne Seymour Conway, only daughter of Field-Marshal Conway (brother of the first

Marquis of Hertford) and of Caroline, Countess Dowager of Ailesbury, and granddaughter of John, fourth Duke of Argyll, was born in the year 1748. She married, in June, 1767, the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Joseph, first Lord Milton, and brother of George, Earl of Dorchester, but her marriage proved to be an unhappy one. Mr. Damer was heir 'in expectancy' to £22,000 a year, but was of a turn of mind too eccentric to be confined within the limits of any fortune. He shot himself at the 'Bedford Arms,' in Covent Garden, on August the 15th, 1776, leaving Mrs. Damer, his widow, without issue. Lord Milton refused to pay his son's debts; Horace Walpole says that he was very angry with *her*, poor soul, and meanly wanted to make her sell her jewels in order to pay them out of her own pocket.

Mr. Damer's suicide was hastened, and indeed provoked, by his father's unkindness. Horace Walpole, after entering at length into this matter in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, a few days after the act had been committed, gives the following circumstantial account: 'On Thursday Mr. Damer supped at the "Bedford

Arms," in Covent Garden, with four ladies and a blind fiddler. At three in the morning he dismissed his seraglio, ordering his Orpheus to come up again in half-an-hour. When he returned, he found his master dead, and smelt gunpowder. He called, the master of the house came up, and they found Mr. Damer sitting in a chair dead, with one pistol beside him, and another in his pocket. The ball had not gone through his head, or made any report. On the table lay a scrap of paper, inscribed with these words:

“The people of the house are not to blame for what has happened, it was my own act . . .”
What a catastrophe for a man of thirty-two, heir to two-and-twenty thousand a year!

Walpole remarks, with his usual cynicism on this affair, that ‘Five thousand a year in present, and £22,000 in reversion, are not, it would seem, sufficient for happiness, and cannot check a pistol.’

From this period Mrs. Damer seems to have devoted herself to the cultivation of her talents, and particularly to her chisel. In early life she showed so much taste in art and literature, that

Horace Walpole bequeathed to her the reversion of Strawberry Hill, his favourite 'bijou' residence, with remainder to Lord Waldegrave.

Walpole appears to have been very fond of her, and frequently had her to stay with him at Strawberry Hill, where she often assisted in 'doing the honours' of the place. In 1752, Walpole wrote a pleasant letter about her—in which he speaks of her as his 'little wife'—to Field-Marshal Conway, her father. He also, in another letter, styles her 'the infanta'; and her progress in the art of waxen statuary is duly chronicled by him in 1762. Walpole, in fact, was very proud of her, and when she grew up and married, and danced at court balls and 'Almack's,' he acknowledged that he was 'apt to be frightened about her.' It seems that Horace Walpole would at times even go so far as to interest himself in the matter of her personal adornment; for, in a letter to a friend, in 1775, he writes: 'Tell Mrs. Damer that the fashion is now to erect the *toupée* into a high, detached tuft of hair, like a cockatoo's crest; and this *toupée* they call *la physionomie*; I don't guess why.'

In 1779, the Duchess of Leinster, another lady, and Mrs. Damer, when making a voyage, were captured by a privateer, but released very shortly afterwards. The lives of artists are generally most uneventful, and this is almost the only incident which history records concerning Mrs. Damer.

The young widow mixed largely in the fashionable world and in the literary society of her day. She was somewhat delicate, and of classical taste. Her great friend and benefactor says that she 'writes Latin like Pliny, and is learning Greek.' He also intimates that she was shy, modest, and reserved; adding that 'you won't discover one thousandth part of her understanding.'

In the art of sculpture, Miss Conway (or Mrs. Damer) undoubtedly took the lead of all amateurs. In early life she received lessons from Ceracclin, and also from the elder Bacon; and she even followed the example of professional artists, in taking a voyage to Italy to improve herself. Her elegant, tasteful, and classical productions are widely scattered as presents. At the suggestion of her relative, Sir Alexander

Johnson, with a view to aid the advancement of European arts in India, she sent a bust of Lord Nelson to the King of Tanjore.

It was by the advice of no less a person than David Hume, the historian, when he was acting as private secretary to her father, the field-marshal, that her attention was first drawn to the study of the principles of sculpture, and afterwards to its practice as an art. Her progress was rapid, the more so as her eye had been trained to admire beauty of form among the art-treasures of Strawberry Hill; and it was not long before she attained to a perfection in statuary which made her name known among connoisseurs, not only in England but on the Continent.

On the death of her father's intimate friend, Horace Walpole (for by that name he is far better known than by the earldom which he possessed for the last six years of his life), Mrs. Damer took up her residence at Strawberry Hill. She occupied this, her 'Twickenham Castle,' till about the year 1810; when, finding the situation lonely, she gave up the house, together with the two thousand pounds a year

which her cousin had left to keep it up and maintain it, to the Waldegraves, who continued to inhabit it till a recent date. Removing thence to East Sheen, she found the air unsuited to her delicate constitution, and in consequence purchased from Prince Stahzemberg York House, Twickenham, formerly the residence of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, where she spent the remainder of a long life.

On settling down at Twickenham, she found that a studio was absolutely necessary, in order to carry out her favourite pursuit, and, in fact, to her happiness; and therefore, as one wing of the mansion had been converted into a theatre, she resolved to turn the other wing into a studio and gallery of sculpture. Here she worked constantly; and here grew into life, one by one, that series of works in marble and stone with which all admirers of Flaxman and Chantry are familiar.

The list of Mrs. Damer's works is too long to be given here. Among the best known of of them, however, are a figure of a 'Dog,' for which she was highly honoured by the Academy of Florence; an 'Osprey,' formerly at Straw-

berry Hill; the colossal bust of Nelson in the Guildhall, and that executed for the King of Tanjore, as already mentioned; and a third for King William IV., when Duke of Clarence and Lord High Admiral; heads of the rivers Thame and Isis, which adorn the key-stones of the bridge over the Thames at Henley (near which town was her father's mansion, Park Place); two 'Dogs' in marble for her sister, the Duchess of Richmond—now at Goodwood; a bust of herself, presented by her to the late Mr. R. P. Knight, F.S.A.; several pieces for Boydell's 'Shakespeare;' statues of her mother, the Countess of Ailesbury; Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby); Miss Barry, the friend of Horace Walpole, and editor of his works; the Hon. Peniston Lamb, and his brother, the second Lord Melbourne, when children; Sir Humphry Davy; Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV.; and a bust of Mrs. Siddons, which has been considered a very masterly performance. The statue of King George III. in the register-office at Edinburgh is the work of her hands, and so is the beautiful bust of Sir Joseph Banks which adorns the British Museum. Horace

Walpole makes mention of a group of marble kittens which Mrs. Damer gave him; and adds that they 'are so much alive that I talk to them.'

But it was not merely as a sculptor that Mrs. Damer acquired celebrity in her day, for she was also a very clever actress. When the Duke of Richmond patronised private theatricals, he was glad to avail himself of Mrs. Damer's assistance. She was the 'Thalia' of the scene. She appeared in the character of 'Violante' in 'The Wonder,' when Lord Henry Fitzgerald supported the part of 'Don Felix.' She also was eminent as 'Mrs. Lovemore,' in 'The Way to Keep Him,' and as 'Lady Freelove,' in 'The Jealous Wife.' At a later period, during her stay at Strawberry Hill, she herself fitted up an elegant little theatre. Here the comedy called 'Fashionable Lovers' (which has been attributed to the pen of Lord Orford) was first represented. Kemble obtained permission to transplant this comedy to the boards of Drury Lane, but there it was not successful.

Mrs. Damer lived to a great age, respected and admired by all her contemporaries; and at her death, in 1828, she bequeathed York House

to her cousin, Lady Johnston, the wife of the late Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, and only daughter of Lord William Campbell, a younger son of the Duke of Argyll.

It is clear from what is said above that, in an age not very remarkable for the love of art, Mrs. Damer secured for herself a name and reputation which was all her own, and fairly distanced the amateur artists of her time. And she may certainly be pronounced singularly happy, if there is any truth in the words of Pericles that 'the lady is the most to be envied whose name is least mentioned among men whether for praise or blame.' But few anecdotes are told about her; and she does not figure much in the anecdotal memoirs of the 'Georgian Era.' At her death she was guilty of one little piece of pardonable eccentricity; for 'Sylvanus Urban' tells us that 'she directed that her apron and her tools should be buried with her, and also the bones of a favourite dog that died before her.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

